

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 11.]

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1828.

[VOL. 9, N. 3.]

### THE STUDY OF NATURE.

**NATURAL HISTORY!** What delight and instruction flow from its study, whenever it is pursued, not merely in a scientific, but a truly philosophical spirit! Upon this wonderful scene of existence, is it possible for an intelligent being to look without wonder? or to wonder without desire to know? We have no need to explain how the desire to understand these wonders should spring up in the human mind:—its own faculties are a sufficient explanation. There would be more occasion to explain by what means, in such multitudes of men, that native desire is suppressed and defeated of its natural growth and vivacity.

Accordingly, in all times of which we have any record, we find that one strong passion of powerful and aspiring minds, has been the desire of natural knowledge. And erring as their opinions were, and could not but be, in the infancy of observation, limited and imperfect, still the facts of nature which were open to their senses, were so extraordinary—and even their rude speculation took such strong hold upon their minds, that not only is the desire of such knowledge recorded as having been most strong in their most illustrious men, but the reputation of proficiency in it, was of itself sufficient to raise a man to the highest distinction among the People, as a Sage—a Priest in the Temple of Nature.

The truth is, that so strongly were the minds of men, in the early times

of society, impressed with the extraordinary properties and powers which were discovered to them, and the appearances they beheld, that they were much more in danger of being overcome with excessive admiration and affection, than of too slightly regarding them; and so great was their unceasing admiration and wonder of what they continually saw passing before their eyes, on this great theatre of nature—that they soon began to carry it beyond its just limits, to intermix superstitious imagination with their conception of natural powers, and to interweave the phenomena of nature in the fables of their erring religion. This we know to have been done to a very great extent by the Egyptians—the early Greeks—the old inhabitants of Persia, and the Hindoos. We have reason to believe it has been almost universal.

Here we see evidence, not only of what the face of nature is to man, but what is that strong impression which is the beginning and first incitement to the study of her laws. It is an impression of strong and delighted wonder and admiration—an impression which does not belong, in the first place, to intellect and philosophy, but to natural and inevitable feeling. Accordingly, we find that the greatest minds that have pursued this knowledge have held throughout a course answerable to this beginning; they have been at once contemplators and lovers of nature. We behold in them a mind

elevated by the greatness, and calmed by the beauty, of what they behold. When we think of Sir Isaac Newton, we think not so much of the vast and comprehensive powers of his intellect, as of the sublimity of the objects which that intellect was for ever engaged in contemplating. In the lives of almost all the men of genius who have been given up to these studies, we find, not a curious inquisitiveness of mind which might have been applied to this subject or to any other, but a mind touched with delight of what was disclosed, and led on by that delight to never-ending investigation. If such be the just foundation and inducement to natural knowledge, what must be the effect of the pursuit of it upon the mind? It is not, we see, a painful labour imposed upon unwilling minds, piecing together with effort facts painfully acquired. The mind hurries on in its own enjoyment through scenes of delight. For you must not judge of these studies by the degree of interest with which minds apply to them that have been long unused to such occupation, and are led to them, not by their own desire, but by accidental circumstances. But you may judge by what you see of the eagerness with which children to whom they are agreeable will follow them. We may judge by what we read of the strong and devouring passion with which minds, having this bent by nature, will give themselves up to such pursuits, all life long, often without being influenced in any degree by the love of fame, or any other reward, than by the simple and sublime satisfaction in the study of itself. Such, unquestionably, is the true character of the study, and, if so, what must be its effect? Why, to nourish the mind with continual pure pleasure, from admiration of what it beholds—to nourish, that is, not only to give it pleasure, but such pleasure as it will convert into aliment, into the materials of its strength and growth. A thousand other pleasures fade away, and leave the mind neither richer nor stronger

than before, perhaps poorer and weaker; but this is an appetite that grows by feeding. The knowledge the mind has attained quickens in it, and whets the desire for more; it is felt in the mind like a continual hope, and it also enriches the possessor. Has not he great wealth, whose mind contains within itself the sources of its own best-beloved delights—which need not go out of itself for its noblest happiness? Now the mind that, in following its own delight, has filled itself with natural knowledge, is rich, because the mere revolving within itself of the stores which it contains, opens up to it afresh all its sources. But there is another meaning to this kind of riches. The pleasure that nourishes the mind enriches it by the multiplication of all its feelings; for what takes place is not the mere repetition of the same pleasure from day to day, but there is unfolded, as it were, in the mind, its capacity of pleasure into all the variety of its forms. A child is satisfied, probably, with precisely the same pleasure, repeated again and again in just the same kind and degree—so it often seems to be—but by degrees this simple and entire pleasure, which was like a simple sensation, begins to break and divide itself into many more. The enjoyment in which the mind has indulged acts upon its sensibilities, and brings them out, so that susceptibilities of delight, which were not at first discernible, though they were in the mind, lying there like imperceptible points, become more and more developed, till they assume form and growth of their own; for every mind has its own constitution, and its own peculiar capacity of intellectual enjoyment. Of whatever kind its chief native pleasure is, in that also it has prepared within it various other capacities, of the possession of which it is unconscious, and these can only be brought into action by degrees, by the power of that primary pleasure. They are secondary, and will spring up next, and others after them, and so on for ever and

ever—as the vital force in a seed, once set in motion, continually develops new forms of life, arising out of what it has before produced. This every one has experienced, who, from the natural bent of his mind, has followed earnestly any pursuit whatever; that new satisfactions are continually springing up in his mind, which he did not know before, and which, when he first engaged in it, he was not able to feel. Thus the mind is doubly enriched, not only by those stores, by means of which it now in some sense contains within itself, what it must before have sought in nature, but also by the actually opening up within itself of capacities of enjoyment, which before it possessed unconsciously. And observe, that the whole character and temper of the mind is affected by such happiness, for there is no mind that is incapable of kindly and benevolent affections, but there are many in which such dispositions are perverted or repressed by the circumstances and manner of their life; and in which, under more favourable circumstances, such good dispositions might be brought into much happier activity. Now, there is reason to believe that the study of nature in those minds, which follow it from the pure pleasure they feel in it, tends greatly to subdue in the mind all those disturbing affections which destroy its native benevolence, and that they tend to renew its sensibility to the joy of mild and calm affections, rendering that sensibility ever more and more true and exquisite.

This reason is drawn, not merely from the character of those men who have been distinguished in these pursuits, of whom this calm benevolence of spirit has been a very general characteristic; but it is drawn from the nature itself of the enjoyments which are thus opened to the mind. For these studies lead us at once into the world of nature. They take us out of the conflict of human life—out of all its uneasy desires or fears, or irritating recollections—out of its

agitated, restless tumult—into the midst of calm, beautiful, majestic order. What is become of the little anxious disturbing jealousies of life to him whose soul is in his eyes, and whose eyes are stretching their sight into the abysses of space, and pursuing the stars of heaven in their eternal revolutions? But it is not of the great objects, or great emotions, of natural science alone that we now speak. The mind of one man has led him to study the heavens—the mind of another has led him to examine, to analyze, and explore, the conformation of a worm. The greatest naturalist of modern Europe bestowed the chief labour of his mind on the curious examination of the most delicate parts of flowers; and that part of his studies has made the name of Linnæus immortal. One of the most celebrated of the naturalists of France, Reaumur, has published a very laborious work, in some volumes, on the Anatomy of the Caterpillar. He did not live to complete it. It is not necessary to mention many instances; but we wish to recall to the recollection of our readers the extreme minuteness, and, as we may sometimes be tempted to think it, the apparent insignificance, of many of the objects of a naturalist's studies. But, however minute, they cannot be insignificant. Their littleness removes them indeed from that common sort of importance by which we are apt to measure things in their ordinary reference to human life. To us who tread them under foot as we walk, they are not important objects in the world. But the moment they appear, as to the naturalist they do, to open up to his eyes an insight into the world of life—the moment he can dare to say that he begins to trace in their structure the design which formed it—dimly and imperfectly as he must trace it in all things—from that moment their importance is immense and incalculable. The entomologist, with his microscope and his delicate instruments, dissecting a fly—and the astronomer, watching

through his telescope the motion of planets many times our earth's dimensions—calculating, by his powerful science, their motions and their speed, and weighing their bodies in thought—both are employed in one and the same work—both have gone out into nature to occupy the faculties of their high intelligence, as their own spirit leads them, in endeavouring, to the best of their power, to explore and comprehend some small portion of the infinite universe.

To all the students of nature, then, whatever part they may study, or in whatever way, nature herself has provided the same reward; namely, some portion of her own calm spirit. It is not whether what they see is great or small; but it is, that the moment they have begun to examine, they have begun to look into a world of wonders; they have begun to look upon the structure of those works which in least and greatest bear one character; they have begun to read, as much as it is given to human eyes to read, the characters of wisdom, of goodness, and power. The human spirit, whatever its own troubled disposition may be, if it be impressible by such sights, is subdued under the presence of these thoughts—its feelings change to a purer temper—it is tranquillized and chastened.

In speaking of the effect of such studies on the temper of the mind, in tranquillizing it, we cannot help noticing the natural calmness, independent of those other affections which attend such studies, arising out of the very nature of the objects themselves, about which the naturalist is occupied, and out of the manner in which he is occupied about them. We allude and speak particularly of those which have life. In watching a plant, when he wants to ascertain its growth and habits—how slowly it expands—from day to day! From month to month he may watch its progress. He fixes the interest of his mind upon that which proceeds so calmly under his eye, and

his mind itself takes a tone of quiet and measured thought, as it extends its recollections over that slow and quiet progress which he has seen, and its expectations over that future progress, as slow, and quiet, and continual, to the perfect growth he desires to see. He sees in all—motion,—in all—life,—in all—the continual fulfilling of the functions of their nature; but all calm in their uniform tenor. Shall he be the only restless and perturbed being, when every thing else is full of tranquillity—of silence? Advert, too, for a moment, to the occupation of him who watches, in nature, the courses of animated life. Looking at all the living beings of nature—in their happy play—in their busy occupations,—to see young things rejoicing in life—to see mothers nursing their young—to see insects, or beasts, or birds, concurring in mutual assistance or defence, as if they had contrivance and thought—to see life like the life—feelings like the heart—and something even of a faint and dim resemblance of the intelligence of man! To see all these things, must needs speak to his sympathy, for they touch in him the very sense of his own human being; and yet to see them in a world so remote, so separate from himself—in the midst of the beautiful world of nature, among the kinds of little, wild, lovely creatures that people it—surely so to see and feel—must touch his heart without disturbing it—must always breathe something like a tenderness of affection into the deep and serene calm of contemplative Thought.

What is requisite for deriving from these studies such results, is not always genius—is not always intellectual powers. It is love and delight in nature, and nothing more. We know the names of those who have brought the power of genius into the study of nature—but we know nothing of those nameless numbers, who have brought nothing to it but their own strong love, and have gained from it nothing but their own peaceful happiness.

On ! no  
It mu  
The loc  
Are c  
I cannot  
O'er  
I cannot  
And  
The tea  
The e  
The dar  
The l  
But oh  
The e  
What e  
The g  
The sea  
Mute,  
That lo  
Is far  
\* The  
with him

## THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAIN'D in the market-place he stood, a man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude that shrank to hear his name,—  
All stern of look and strong of limb, his dark eye on the ground :—  
And silently they gazed on him, as on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought, he was a captive now ;  
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not, was written on his brow.  
The scars his dark broad bosom wore show'd warrior true and brave ;  
A prince among his tribe before, he could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—" My brother is a king ;  
Undo this necklace from my neck, and take this bracelet ring,  
And send me where my brother reigns, and I will fill thy hands  
With store of ivory from the plains, and gold-dust from the sands."

" Not for thy ivory nor thy gold will I unbind thy chain ;  
That bloody hand shall never hold the battle-spear again.  
A price thy nation never gave shall yet be paid for thee ;  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave, in lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade to shred his locks away,  
And one by one each heavy brand before the victor lay.  
Thick were the platted locks, and long, and deftly hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among the dark and crisped hair.

" Look, feast thy greedy eyes with gold long kept for sorest need ;  
Take it—thou askest sums untold—and say that I am freed.  
Take it—my wife the long, long day, weeps by the cocoa tree,  
And my young children leave their play, and ask in vain for me."

" I take thy gold—but I have made thy fetters fast and strong,  
And ween that by the cocoa shade thy wife will wait thee long."  
Strong was the agony that shook the captive's frame to hear,  
And the proud meaning of his look was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain,—at once his eyes grew wild,  
He struggled fiercely with his chain, whisper'd, and wept, and smiled ;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands, and once, at close of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands, the foul hyena's prey.

## THE BETROTHED OF ROBERT EMMETT.\*

On ! never call my heart thine own !  
It must not, oh ! it cannot be !

The look, the love, the spirit flown,  
Are ever seen by me !

I cannot weep, as others weep,  
O'er idle pleasures gone ;  
I cannot sleep as others sleep,  
And dream of my fond home.

The tear may dwindle 'neath the smile,

The sigh may pass away ;

The dark'ning wave may lift awhile

The lonely castaway !

But oh ! what prayer can ever bid

The setting sun return ?

What earthly kindness ever soothe

The griefs that inward burn ?

The sea-bird from his lonely cliff,

Mute, melancholy, shy,

That looks o'er yon bright wave and skiff,

Is far more blest than I !

He views the ocean sparkling round,

He sees the passer by ;

But oh ! its strife, its joyous sound,

Can never reach so high.

The turf that wraps his silent head,

The flow'rets o'er his grave,

They tell me oft how freedom bled

To bloom above the brave ;

And oft his form descends to me

In the dead hour of night,

Unveiling immortality

With all its winged light.

Oh ! then, forgive, forgive the word,

In gentle firmness spoken ;

Oh love ! but never strike the chord

If its sweet strain be broken ;

Oh, never strike ! there is a tone

That mars thine earthly will !

The spirit of a loved one flows,

It hovers round me still !

\* The circumstances of the betrothed of Robert Emmett, saying, that " her heart was buried with him," when solicited by another, are too well known.

## SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. VII.—MR. SOUTHEY.

A POET, a biographer, a writer of literary miscellanies, an antiquarian, a translator, an historian of campaigns, and churches, and nations, a celebrated and voluminous reviewer, himself the object of frequent and bitter criticism; in his youth the framer of ideal republics, in his manhood the advocate of desolating wars and political monopolies, in his age the chronicler of methodism and martyrs, throughout life, as a member of private society, the most uniformly amiable and pure, and, at the same time, the fiercest and most unrelenting follower of a public faction:—Such are the various characters in which Mr. Southey stands before the public. To speak of such a person is a task not to be undertaken with levity; for the fame of a good man is a treasure to his race, no less than to himself, and ought, above all things, to be holy from the touch of the slightest misrepresentation. In this spirit we trust to write; and if, as we must, we shall offend some by too much praise of Mr. Southey, and others, by too much blame; and especially if we shall wound his own vanity, we can only hope that neither the public nor himself will be so uncandid as to attribute our errors to any thing but a mistaken judgment, always anxious to be set right.

We have no pretensions to any private knowledge of Mr. Southey's life, and really can say nothing as to the portions of his mind which do not display themselves in his works, except that we are acquainted, as is all the world, with those descriptions of his domestic wisdom and kindness which we owe to more than one of his eminent contemporaries. In other respects, we judge him from his writings alone. He brought with him into manhood, if not a peculiar robustness of intellect, yet a singular healthiness of feeling. He then had,

and he happily still preserves, a strong sense of the presence and goodness of God, whose existence he seems to have found manifested, not amid the dissections of the anatomist, nor in the crucible of the chemist, nor in any thing appertaining to the order of this visible world, but as a life and power in the depths of his own heart. He saw the Deity in every thing around him, because he felt his spirit eternally within him: and his sympathy with man forbade him to believe that religion was a thing of external symbols, dogmatic creeds, and endowed establishments—an excrescence on our nature, appropriated to those who happen to have been educated under certain external influences, and to have been born members of particular sects. He was conscious of the germs of a higher state of being than the actual, moving and growing in his own mind; and comparing these intimations of possible glory with the condition of humanity around him, he was eager to push mankind boldly forward in the path of regeneration, to pour out before the world his appeals against the tyrannies and corruptions of society, and, if possible, even to realize and substantiate beneath the eyes of men the phantasm of a more harmonious and pregnant system. But the resolution to accomplish this great work at a single plunge, instead of labouring soberly and earnestly through life, and catching at every occasion as it rose, could not support itself except by a violent and self-exhausting excitement. While, on the other hand, to maintain an unceasing and often an obscure and unapplauded warfare, against all the myriad universal evils of our present social organization, requires more sedateness of enthusiasm than Mr. Southey seems to have possessed. The ardour of his aspirations declined; and he began to



look out for circumstances in the condition of things around him to which he might attach his philanthropical longings, and console himself, by a notion of their excellence, for the loss of his former visions of ideal perfection.

The tendency to his former unsectarian Catholicism of religion still continued, in some degree, to animate his mind, and has given all that they have of moral value to his poetical writings. This enabled him to imbue with love, humility, and strength of heart, many of the personages whom he introduces in his longer poems, and alone lent to his tales any of that thrilling atmosphere of real existence with which his utter want of mere dramatic power would otherwise have prevented him from inspiring them. But for this feeling of brotherhood with all mankind, which teaches him to see in God an essential love breathing into all men a capacity for higher than earthly things, and not the mere founder of the Church of England, and a name to be flung in the teeth of modern Atheists,—his poems would be little more than heaps of passages from old books of travels, diluted into loose and eccentric metre. But his natural piety has taught him to see in the external world much of what it really embodies of lovely and delightful, and in the heart of man an inexhaustible fountain of magnificent hopes and gentle impulses; and from these he has extracted the sweet substance of some of the most graceful and gorgeous narratives that the present generation of poets have produced. We do not, indeed, hold him to be a poet of the highest class; and his mind is fundamentally so inferior to those of Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, that we scarce remember a better illustration of the difference between first-rate and second-rate men. The masters of ideal creation have doubtless given us, in their writings, either a fragment of that universe which, with all its mysteries and complications, lies

so much brighter in the mind of a man of genius, than before the thoughts of society,—or some mighty truth of our nature, which grew up in their bosoms with all its pomp of symbol, and allusion, and shadowy story, till it swelled out and blossomed upon the world,—or some epitome of humanity, such as Hamlet, or Faust, or the Hero of the Excursion, connected with earth and daily interests by weaknesses and necessities, but gazing and struggling upward, and in whom the involved threads of hopes and doubts twist themselves with the vast web of universal being, and stretch away into its dim abysses; they have always, in short, given us a manifestation of that genius, the elements of whose power are truth and love, displaying itself through outward and accidental forms, the lifeless matter which the poet piles or scatters around him at his will, but never putting these forward as objects of interest in themselves, and unconnected with the spirit of which they are the conduit, and the laws of which they are the type. Not the stone on which the commandments were engraved, lent them their importance, nor would, though it had been jasper or emerald,—neither was it the lightning, or the cloud, or the summit of the holy mountain quaking with the revelation, but the presence of the Power which sat behind the flame and the darkness, and which stamped its wisdom on the dead tablets. Mr. Southey seems first to have determined to write a poem, not with any high and solemn purpose, but connected with some particular age or country, which would supply him with a splendid phantasmagoria of scenery; then to have brought together, from books, all the descriptions and incidents that could be introduced; and, lastly, to have thought of personages, who, as the offspring of an elegant and amiable mind, partake of its pure and benevolent nature, but so as to appear mere abstractions of virtue, not beings of mingled characters, and mys-

terious destiny, with a thousand aimless yearnings, and a thousand haughty hopes, and vague yet delightful sympathies, mingled with degrading propensities and passionate selfishness. He displays a vast variety of scenic pomp; but, in general, it seems as if his personages were brought there for the sake of showing the prospect to his readers: just as in our pantomimes, the jokes, and life, and character, are omitted, and two or three mutes walk along the stage, while the scene displays to us a moving picture of seas and cities, triumphs and enchantments.

Our readers then understand, that we consider Mr. Southey a poet of no higher than the second order—a judgment which we have come to when estimating him by his best and not by his worst poems, by "Roderick" and "Kehama," not by the "Vision of Judgment," or the "Tale of Paraguay." Yet, though we think his poetry inferior to that of many other English authors, it seems to us to display his mind in a more nearly perfect state than we find it in any of his other kinds of writing. As mere composition, the verse is far from being so faultless as the prose. But the feeling displayed in *Thalaba* is incomparably better than that of the "Quarterly Review," the "Book of the Church," or the "History of the Peninsular War." There is in his poetry none of the bitterness of the daily bread earned for themselves by the followers of a faction. In it he does not write with the perpetual consciousness that he is the gladiator of a sect or a party: we do not see him constantly spitting gall and venom at every one who differs from himself in religion or politics: he feels no yoke but the easy one of our common humanity; is moved by no passion but the love of goodness, and gentleness, and truth; and looks at mankind, not as followers or enemies of a particular ecclesiastical establishment; not as republicans, or royalists, or aristocrats, but as heirs of one nature,

brethren of one house, and partakers of one blessed hope.

When we consider Mr. Southey in any other light than as a poet, we confess that we feel a degree of sorrow in which many of our readers will hardly sympathise. It seems to us that every thing was correct in his mind, at the beginning of his career, except an excessive vanity, and a want of courage to stand before the world but as a member of a party,—but for these qualities, we believe that a future, the most honourable and useful, might well have been predicted to him. But he began to think that political perfection was confined to our own Constitution, and that Christianity was identical with the English Church Establishment. From that time, he has daily become more and more of a partisan,—daily more and more of a sectarian. It is easy to say that he admires the present form of the British Government, because he thinks it the best calculated to produce national happiness; and that he lauds endowments and pluralities, because he believes them most consonant to the apostolical model; but it is evident from the whole tone of his writings, that the actual objects of his respect and love, are not good government and true Christianity for themselves, but good government and true religion, as by law established,—in short, Church and State—the Aristocracy and the Bench of Bishops.

Thence the habit of the politician, of abusing every one, however sincerely attached to the interests of mankind, who has attempted to reform the government of his own country, or thinks that we ought to attempt it in ours. Thence the fondness of the theologian for swelling the bodies of his sentences with "the Church of England," while he puts Providence into a parenthesis. And thence above all, the violence, we had almost said the malignity, otherwise so utterly inexplicable, displayed by a pious and benevolent man against all from whom he dif-

for  
tion  
all  
ag  
wh  
int  
hun  
its  
ene  
  
of  
up  
an  
stit  
all  
lish  
spi  
inte  
a f  
per  
hea  
inv  
De  
tol  
Ch  
sch  
inte  
a  
wh  
is e  
of  
  
I  
so  
for  
Sou  
thin  
bac  
for  
wish  
gov  
ver  
Stra  
dear  
ther  
and  
mod  
com  
and  
sick  
is t  
We  
quit  
arist  
poss  
mov  
of a  
  
52



fers, of every period and denomination : against, that is, nine-tenths of all sects and parties, and especially against those wiser and better men, who seeing in the spirit of sectarianism, one of the greatest afflictions of humanity, have sedulously avoided its enslaving and corrupting influence.

He is, indeed, a mournful example of the ruin which may be wrought upon the fairest minds, by attaching an universal feeling to particular institutions, and by professing to find all truth in the creed of one establishment. In this case the whole spiritual nature of man is narrowed into an almost mechanical clinging to a few valueless sounds, the images, perhaps, of nothing either in earth or heaven, but of the stupid bigotry that invented them. The attributes of Deity become the watchwords of intolerance and uncharitableness;—and Christianity itself, instead of being a scheme for the perfecting our nature into purity and love, is changed into a volume of dissonant war-cries, while “the whole armour of God” is employed for the unhallowed strife of worldly passions.

It is obvious, also, that in politics, so soon as ceasing to look forward for improvement, the activity of Mr. Southey's mind attached itself to things as they are, he began to look back into the past, to find supports for his opinion: and because he wished to make out that the present government is a good one, he perverts the whole aspect of history. Strafford and Laud were put to death by political reformers; and therefore, out of hatred to all reform, and as a means of bringing dislike on modern innovators; Strafford becomes a martyr to his benevolent and unselfish patriotism; and the sickening blood-thirstiness of Laud is to be buried in eternal oblivion. We doubt not that Mr. Southey is quite sincere in thinking that a purely aristocratic constitution is the best possible form of government. But moved by this conviction, he speaks of all who think otherwise with an

abhorrence, which he probably justifies to himself by the consideration, that they are enemies to the happiness of mankind, without reflecting that other men may honestly think just as ill of his opinions as he of theirs, and that neither party would be excusable in slandering and misrepresenting the other.

In spite of the excesses into which Mr. Southey has been betrayed, his natural kindness breaks out very frequently through the fretful load of prejudices and dislikes, wherewith years of partizanship have encumbered him: while his propensity to vituperation usually displays itself most strongly on the points, with regard to which he has himself been in the habit of disputing. He hates Roman Catholics, he hates Calvinists, he hates Unitarians, he hates Frenchmen, who, in his eyes, are almost all Atheists and Jacobins; he thinks the Whigs a very dangerous set of men, he believes that the Edinburgh Review is possessed by Satan, and above all, he abhors every one who dreams of introducing any reforms into England. Yet with all this, we verily believe few men would take more trouble to confer a service on the people of Mexico, or Arabia, or even, if an opportunity presented itself, would seize with more anxiety an opportunity of doing good to his enemies. The Edinburgh Review has uniformly dealt him hard and unjust measure; and all his political opponents have been eager enough to return the blows which he has shewn the example of inflicting; and though his attacks on Lord Byron are very silly, his Lordship disgraced himself, and disgusted the better portion of his readers, by the brutality with which he carried on the war. It is not very wonderful therefore that a person, who, however amiable, is by no means remarkable for humility, should have frequently lost temper against these antagonists. But what we complain of is, that on all occasions when he happens to have an occasion for wounding the feelings

of those who are at least towards him guiltless, he displays precisely the same malevolence, and that no man can expect to be treated with ordinary candor who does not agree with him on every possible subject, repeat the Laureate creed, and bow before the Keswick idols.

Whatever be his faults, he must, as long as he lives and writes, continue to be a popular author. As a mere controversialist, (the most melancholy mockery of humanity we know, except the monkeys of Exeter Change,) his abilities and information can never be despised; though in this department (the garrets) of literature, he shows to the least advantage. He has abundant information, and a ready grace in applying it; but he wants the subtlety of argumentation and bitterness of sarcasm, which are so large ingredients in the finished polemic. He generally substitutes for reasoning mere assertion and authority, and downright abuse for satire. The construction of his sentences, the clearness of his arrangement, and the liveliness of his narrative, are admirably adapted for history. But from the want of all power of philosophising, he looks at events as naked facts rather than as developements of principles; or if he ever recurs to general laws, they are of the most common-place description. As a writer of biographies, and of essays of amusing information, scarcely any one, we believe, ever excelled him. His *Life of Nelson* has been much praised, but not more than it deserves, for unaffected simplicity and unexaggerated earnestness. His writings probably cover more paper than those of any one now living, except indeed the gentleman in the farce, who "has written all the newspapers in Europe for many years." They contain a wonderful mass of elegant composition and pleasant research, of lively description and animated narrative; but when we consider the effect they must have had in rendering popular his narrow system of politics and religion, we are reluctantly compelled to

doubt whether they have not, on the whole, accomplished more of evil than of good. He has long announced a book on a more fruitful and difficult subject than any that he has previously treated of, "*The Progress and Prospects of Society*;" but though we shall be curious to see him make the experiment, we would advise him, as he values his reputation, to think well before he publishes such a work. It is all very well to talk of the balance of the Constitution, and the arm of Providence revealing itself in our favour in the Peninsular war, when, as in the *Quarterly Review*, there are facilities for assuming conclusions, and escaping from proofs; but it will not do in a separate and formal discussion of the powers and destiny of the human race, a subject which has employed the greatest men the world has ever known from Plato until our own day. On such a subject it will not be sufficient to represent irresponsible aristocracies as the saints that shall inherit the earth, or to clothe the angel of the world in lawn-sleeves and a cassock.

On the whole, Mr. Southey's chief talent appears to us to be style. Though sometimes a little affected, and even that but rarely, his composition, on the whole, is wonderfully clear, careful, and animated. But here, we are afraid, the chief part of our praise stops,—for he has no wit and very little eloquence,—qualities, by the by, which generally go together. He has none of the sprightly fancy of Mr. Moore,—none of the elevating imagination of Wordsworth. He never could have written half as much as he has, if his books required any great expense of thought; but they really appear to us to exhibit none at all; and the research they display, though laborious and astonishingly extensive, yet costs infinitely less of real intellectual toil and weariness, than the deducing subtle conclusions from vast and complicated premises, and the binding together and arranging masses of disjointed facts by the application of great

general laws. But Mr. Southey, happily for his present ease, fame, and profit, has no such troublesome propensity. He seems, in fact, to have a fainter conception of any thing like abstract speculation than any living author, with one or two exceptions, of nearly equal celebrity. And it must necessarily be so. Great thinkers express wide principles in few words. But nine-tenths of all the events and personages chronicled by the poet-laureat, do not appear in his pages such as naturally connect themselves with any universal principle or permanent consciousness of the human mind, and do not seem to have been the occasion of any feeling in his breast, but contempt for some rival dogmatist, or exultation over some inaccurate his-

torian. Few of his works can live among future generations. For the subjects of his writings, the selfish wars of governments, and the religious systems that narrow themselves into creeds, except as warnings to be shuddered at, must happily lose their interest for our children. But we confess we regret that his poetry is not of a more condensed and concentrated character; for there is a delicacy and sweetness of feeling, and a splendour of descriptive diction, which, if less diluted and impoverished by verbiage, so as to outlast the fluctuations of the hour, would give as much delight to all future ages as they have already conferred on the instructed and gentle of our own day.

---

MARIAN GODFREY :—A SKETCH OF 1651.

"**W**HY, how now, son? Is there any news stirring, that thou hast thus hurried hither?—or have any of our ships foundered in the late gale?" were the questions asked by Matthew Godfrey, of his son, as the latter entered the usual sitting room of the family, seemingly fraught with some momentous intelligence.

"No, no, father! the ships are safe, as yet, for aught I know to the contrary," he replied; "but I hastened from the city to tell you the glorious news; praised be God! the Lord General Cromwell has gained a great and a decisive victory over the Royalists at Worcester; a victory which will strike terror into the hearts of the disaffected, and completely overthrow the hopes entertained by Charles Stuart of wearing the crown of these kingdoms."

"Truly this is important news," said the elder Godfrey; "and much does it behove the nation to lift up the voice of thanksgiving on the occasion. But, how fares it with the Lord General, who has been made the blessed instrument of effecting this deliverance?"

"He has been protected from the arrows of the ungodly, and is in good health. He is marching with his victorious army towards London; and it is the intention of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, with the Council of State, to meet the Lord General to-morrow, at Acton, and enter London with him in becoming order."

"I am right glad to hear it," said his father: "it is fitting that the citizens should show General Cromwell the respect which they entertain for his character, and the gratitude they feel for the services which he has rendered the state."

"Are there many wounded, in the battle you speak of, Philip?" inquired his sister, in a tremulous voice, who was sitting at an embroidery frame at the farther end of the apartment, an unnoticed, but not an inattentive hearer of their discourse. Her brother turned towards her at the sound of her voice—"Good Marian," he said, "trouble not thyself concerning this matter; suffice, that the loss which the Lord General has sustained is very small; but

the enemy suffered dreadfully ; and the number of prisoners taken is considerable. Why, how now, what ails the foolish girl ?" he said, as he observed that tears were in his sister's eyes ; art thou ready to weep for tidings which should make England raise a joyful cry unto God for her final deliverance from the yoke of the oppressor ?—I had well nigh forgotten to tell you," continued Philip, turning to his father, " that young Herbert Lisle, the son of Sir Thomas Lisle, whom we have formerly seen at our kinswoman, Mistress Moreton's, is among the number of the prisoners."

A convulsive sob here arrested his attention ; and, turning round, he beheld his sister, pale as death, attempting to leave the room ; but her strength failed her, and she would have fallen had not Philip hastened towards her, and supported her with his arm.

" What has thus moved you, Marian ?" he said.

" A sudden giddiness," she replied ; " I shall be better anon—'tis nothing—it has already passed !" and she attempted to smile, but there was anguish in her smile ; and her brother led her to her apartment, and, tenderly kissing her, bade her try to gain a little repose.

Matthew Godfrey was a merchant of great respectability in the city of London. He was a stern republican, but a conscientious one ; and, in the wars between the unfortunate Charles and his Parliaments, he had constantly taken part with the latter, because he believed their cause to be just and right, and their taking up arms for the sole purpose of delivering the nation from tyranny and injustice. He was a Puritan ; but he did not carry his religious zeal to the extent practised by many of that sect : his piety was without hypocrisy.—Matthew Godfrey had been many years a widower, with two children ; and his son had, for the last two or three years, principally managed his mercantile concerns ; and for some little time previously

to the commencement of this narrative, he had been left by his father in the house in Aldersgate Street, as he had a perfect reliance upon his skill and prudence to manage his affairs, while he himself occupied a house in Holborn, which had been lent him by a friend, and which, being more cheerful and airy, would, he hoped, restore Marian's health, that had seemed sadly drooping of late, while its vicinity to the city enabled him to see his son daily, and to render his assistance in any affair of moment should it be requisite.

Marian Godfrey was in her nineteenth year. She had passed much of her time with Mistress Moreton, who was a half sister of her still fondly remembered mother. That lady's husband had espoused the cause of King Charles, and had fallen fighting for that cause in the civil wars. At her house Marian was thrown much into the society of the gallant and devoted chevaliers of the Royalist party ; and, while she listened to their polite conversation, and witnessed their generous self-devotion, and the privations which they underwent rather than forsake the interest which they had espoused, her republican principles were gradually undermined, and she deplored in secret the tragical death of her sovereign, and the extinction of royalty in England. The change which had taken place in her sentiments she carefully abstained from speaking of, as she knew her father's inflexibility too well to believe that he could be brought to approve of it ; and she loved him too tenderly to grieve him by open opposition. With respect to her brother, it was still worse : he was a relentless persecutor of the Royalists, and was wholly destitute of his father's moderation in party matters. Matthew Godfrey had tenderly loved his wife, and for her sake he respected Mistress Moreton, and saw no impropriety in permitting his daughter to visit her frequently. As to the unfortunate adherents of the Stuart party, whom she might there meet

with, he believed her early education had fortified her against imbibing their principles; and, while he condemned their conduct and opinions, he himself pitied their misfortunes. Marian had thus an opportunity, at her aunt's, of frequently meeting the young and accomplished Herbert Lisle. Insensibly they became attached to each other. Marian wept over his ruined fortunes, and the perils to which he was exposed; and he loved to look on her beautiful countenance, and listen to her gentle voice; yet even more than that did he love her purity of heart, her simplicity of soul, and her noble and confiding disposition. In the first dawn of their attachment, they remembered not the perils by which they were surrounded, nor how eventually hopeless their love might prove. Soon, however, they were awakened from their dream of bliss, and the young soldier was obliged to follow the fortunes of his royal master. Yet he went secure in the possession of Marian's faithful and unchanging love. When he left her, though Marian had fears for him, she had none for herself: she had bestowed her affection on Herbert Lisle, and she was resolved that no earthly power should compel her to abandon him.—When the young king marched into England, after the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, Herbert Lisle obtained a short leave of absence; and, disguised, he reached London, where he again beheld his beloved Marian. But a thousand fears for his safety tormented her, and she urged his immediate departure. Herbert, however, refused to leave her: he might never see her more, or her friends would oblige her to forsake him. He tormented her and himself with a thousand groundless suspicions and harassing thoughts (for man knows not the unchanging nature of woman's true affection), and he eloquently urged that nothing short of her consenting to a private marriage would satisfy him, or calm his melancholy forebodings.

It were vain to dwell on his affectionate entreaties. Marian, overpowered by his distress, and by her desire of hastening his departure from the metropolis, ultimately consented; and, in the presence of Mistress Moreton and the old nurse of her childhood, who had also been a faithful attendant upon her mother, did Marian become the wife of Herbert Lisle. On the bridal day they separated, and, as Herbert pressed her with rapture to his heart, and imprinted a farewell kiss on her lips, Marian seemed oppressed with a fearful presentiment that her happiness had vanished, and she trembled to think of the dangers to which her beloved Herbert was about to be exposed.

From the day of their parting, Marian's health declined, and her depression of spirits became evident to every one. Indeed, for some time, she scarcely dared raise her eyes to her father's face, lest he should discover her secret; and her brother evidently seemed to suspect that she had some cause for her unhappiness. Marian, however, soon had ostensible reason for her melancholy, in the death of Mistress Moreton, which took place, suddenly, about a week after Herbert's departure; and her father readily accepted, on her account, the offer which was made to him of taking up his abode for a short time in Holborn. The house which he inhabited had, at the back of it, an uninterrupted view of fields, meadows, and pasture lands, with pleasant shady lanes and humble cottages; a space of ground now occupied by Red Lion Square, and the streets adjacent and beyond. Marian loved her new abode, as her dear old nurse lived only about two or three fields off, and she could therefore visit her frequently, and talk to her of her gallant husband.

After the battle of Worcester, when Marian was made acquainted with the dreadful tidings that her husband was a prisoner, and that in all probability his life would be sacrificed, from the known stern devotion

and unbending loyalty, both of himself and his father, her distress was nearly insupportable. She resolved, however, that, if she could not save him, she would die with him; and, comforting herself with this assurance, she calmly prepared to make the only effort in her power on his behalf, *viz.*, that of a personal appeal to General Cromwell. This was a bold step for one so young; but Marian stopped not to weigh either the peril or the possible consequences of the undertaking. She imparted her determination to no one but her nurse. "God will be my guide," she said to the old woman, who would fain have dissuaded her from the attempt; "but give thou to me that trinket of my mother's—the watch she gave thee—I may need it."

"Well, but you know not, perhaps, the tale that belongs to it," said the old woman.

"Yes, yes!" said Marian; "I know it all; I have heard it many times."

Thus admonished, the nurse unlocked a small drawer, and drew forth a small watch hanging to a steel chain, which was partly rusted. The case of the watch was of gold: it had small steel beads around it, and a raised border of flowers of the same metal on the back. Exactly in the centre was a small painting of a female head, exquisite in expression and beauty. The dark raven hair parted on the forehead, the eyes full of tenderness, and the faint blush just tinging the fair cheek, made Marian weep as she gazed on it; and, pressing the trinket to her lips, she exchanged an affectionate farewell with her nurse, and hastened homewards.

In honour of the victory which General Cromwell had obtained at Worcester, the citizens of London resolved on giving a grand entertainment. Great preparations were made on the occasion, and he was to be feasted in Guildhall. Matthew Godfrey intended to be present at the civic festival; and the day before it

was to take place he went to his house in Aldersgate Street, from which he did not intend to return until the day after the dinner given to General Cromwell and his officers. This was the time which Marian judged as most favourable for her purpose; and, soon after her father had left Holborn, she, with a beating heart, and in her most simple apparel, with her lovely countenance shrouded in a black silk hood, set off for the palace at Whitehall, where she had been informed the General then was.

On making known her desire to the attendants, she was told that the Lord General had been occupied nearly all the day with business of importance, and that it was not likely she would be able to see him, but that she could wait if she pleased. Marian accordingly sat down on a bench in a corridor leading to the principal apartments. Here she waited in agonizing suspense; persons passed to and fro, but none seemed to notice her, and she thought with bitterness of the precious moments thus passing away, which might probably be fraught with danger to her beloved Herbert. An elderly man, in the garb of a puritan minister, entered the gallery: his look seemed benevolent, and Marian resolved to address him, and request his assistance. At first he looked at her suspectingly; but a second glance at her noble brow and modest countenance reassured him. He saw that her distress was real, and, certain that her object could be one of no common interest, he promised, if possible, to obtain her an interview with the Lord General.

This person, who was the celebrated Hugh Peters, was as good as his word. In a few moments he again approached her, and, taking her hand, he led her to the door of an apartment, and whispering—"The Lord prosper thy petition," the door was thrown open, and Marian found herself in the presence of General Cromwell.

The room into which Marian was



ushered was a high and noble apartment, commanding a spacious view of the Thames, with all the varied and bustling scenery constantly observable thereon. Three sides of the room were occupied by bookshelves, filled with large and seemingly ponderous volumes; at the upper end stood a table, covered with a Turkey carpet, on which lay numerous papers; and, in a plain high-backed chair, covered with black leather, sat the man who was soon to be raised to the supreme power in these kingdoms—Oliver Cromwell. He was plainly dressed, in a suit of mulberry colour, with a short cloak of the same. His hat lay beside him on the table. His hair was partially grey, and his whole countenance spoke the decision and quick penetration that belonged to his character; though, at times, there was a softening expression in the eyes which moderated the effect his stern features would otherwise have produced. At first he looked harshly at Marian; but when he saw that her whole frame trembled with agitation, he said, mildly—"Maiden, what is thine errand?"

"I would implore your aid," replied Marian—"Your powerful assistance, in the case of Herbert Lisle, an unhappy prisoner in the late battle."

"Herbert Lisle! sayest thou?" replied Cromwell; "thou speakest vain words, and knowest not what thou askest. Is he not an avowed enemy to the good cause? And has not the Lord delivered him into our hands, that we should deal with him even as it shall seem good in our eyes?"

"O, Sir, speak not thus, I beseech you," said Marian; "have mercy on his youth; it may be that the persuasions of others have led him to oppose the government; give him then time for repentance!"

"It were more fitting, maiden, for thee," said Cromwell, "to meddle not with this matter: it is not seemly for a young maiden to plead thus

earnestly for a stranger youth: betake thee to thine home."

The blood rushed into Marian's cheeks and forehead, and she replied hastily—"Is it, then, a crime for woman to plead for mercy? Be it so! Yet the laws, both of God and man, are on my side, when I would ask your aid for my unhappy husband."

"Ha!" he said, "I looked not for this; but thine appeal is vain:" and he glanced pityingly on her.—"In these stirring times domestic ties must be rent asunder, when the glory of the Lord and the welfare of the State require it."

"Alas! alas!" cried Marian, "and will you consign my husband to perish? What is his crime? He did but follow a kind master, and fight in support of his cause, as he was bound by his oath of loyalty. Thou thyself hast done as much; but, alas! thou hast chosen a more fortunate path."

Cromwell's brow darkened: "Say rather," he added, "that the Lord hath guided me to choose light rather than darkness. But, touching this matter of thine, Herbert Lisle will be dealt with as the State shall think fit; and, if his life be forfeited, pray thou unto the Lord, and he will comfort thee in thine affliction."

"Not so," said Marian eagerly; "I know thou art all powerful, and that a word from thee could save him. Mercy, then, mercy! Bethink thee how this gracious act would gladden thy dying hour, and rob death of its bitterness."

Cromwell shook his head, and Marian, in the energy of her supplication, dropped on her knees, and held up with both her hands, the watch she had received from her nurse, and which she had kept till now concealed in her bosom.

The moment Cromwell's eyes rested upon it, he started from his seat, and advanced towards Marian. "Where got ye this?" he said; while his strong frame trembled with emotion; and he snatched the trinket from her hands, and as he gazed

on the sweet face painted thereon, he turned aside, and Marian saw the big drops of sorrow fall on his weather-beaten cheek.

"Know ye whose watch this once was?" he said, as he turned to Marian.

"It was my mother's, who has been dead many years," she replied; "and my father is Matthew Godfrey, citizen of London."

Cromwell started. He approached Marian, who was still on her knees, and, pushing aside her brown hair, which had fallen over her white forehead, he paused a minute, then added—"Thine is a face fair to look upon; and ye have your mother's noble brow, but not her raven hair and eye. In days long past, when I was a student at the Inns of Court, I loved your mother fondly and truly; but her parents suffered her not to listen to my words. Perchance they acted wisely, for mine has been a stormy course;" and he sighed. "The Lord's will be done!"

Marian saw that Cromwell's spirit was softened; and she resumed her pleadings for her husband; and she called on him, in remembrance of her mother, to be merciful.

"Thou hast touched a tender string," he said; "and for thy mother's sake, if I have any influence, thy husband shall depart harmless."

Marian sprang on her feet, and began pouring out her thanks. "Nay!" said the General, "if the life and liberty of Herbert Lisle be granted, it will be on the sole condition that he leave England immediately, and make no further attempt to subvert the present government of these kingdoms."

"May God reward you for this!" said Marian; and she folded her cloak around her, and prepared to depart.

"Rest in peace," said Cromwell; "and when thine husband is set at liberty, ye shall hear from him. Take this with thee;" and he held out to her her mother's watch. "It has stirred sad thoughts within me; and the memory of thy mother, as I

last saw her, comes over me as a pleasant dream." He looked on the picture, and sighed as he put it into her hands. "Farewell!" he said; "all I can do for thee I will, and God's blessing be ever with thee!" He pressed her hand kindly. Marian's heart was full, and she could but weep her thanks, as the General touched a small silver bell, when the door was opened, and she passed forth from the presence of General Cromwell with renewed hopes and a thankful spirit.

Not many days after this interview, Marian's nurse came to her, and informed her that Herbert Lisle, her beloved husband, was at liberty; that he had been with her, and desired her to tell Marian he was impatient to behold her once more, and to bid her farewell, as he had given his promise to the State to depart forthwith, and his steps were therefore watched by their emissaries. She added, that he would expect Marian at her cottage, at the close of that same evening.

It were needless to speak of Marian's gratitude, when she heard that Herbert was really at liberty—of the many affectionate messages to him with which she charged her nurse—of the trembling impatience with which she awaited the appointed hour to behold him.

Evening came, at length, and the darkening clouds, and the moaning of the wind, seemed to portend a storm; but Marian heeded not these gloomy appearances. She had kept aloof in her chamber from the family all that day, under the plea of indisposition; and it was quite dusk, and all was still in the house, ere she ventured forth. With noiseless steps she passed down the garden at the back of the house, and unfastened the door at the extremity of it, which led into the fields, and hastened onwards, as she believed, unheard and unobserved.—Once or twice, as Marian proceeded through the lane which led to the cottage of her nurse, she thought she heard a footstep behind her. She stopped, and



list  
fect  
she  
sou  
of t  
" I  
the  
the  
a lig  
no  
he t  
man  
but  
her  
caug  
ed d  
vali  
wee  
tude  
joy  
soor  
bani  
Cru  
"  
Mar  
mon  
leas  
that  
"  
than  
"  
safe  
thee  
hou  
"  
huat  
arou  
cline  
T  
seco  
Her  
adv  
men  
nurs  
on b  
wher  
hear  
groa  
H  
raise  
had  
flow  
her  
face  
turn  
as, w

listened intently, but all was perfectly still, and she felt certain that she had been deceived—that the sound had been merely the rustling of the wind through the hedge.

In a few minutes she gained the cottage, and, hastily unfastening the latch, she entered. There was a light in the room, but Marian saw no one but her nurse. "Where is he?" she exclaimed. The old woman pointed to an inner apartment; but Herbert had heard the sound of her voice, and he rushed forth, and caught Marian in his arms. "Beloved of my soul!" said the young Cavalier, as he tenderly bent over his weeping wife, "what a debt of gratitude do I owe thee! Alas! must the joy with which I now enfold thee so soon pass away? And must I be banished from thy dear presence? Cruel, cruel fate!"

"Nay, dear Herbert!" replied Marian, "let us not embitter the few moments which remain to us by useless repinings; let us feel grateful that thy life is spared!"

"Banishment from thee is worse than death!" said Herbert.

"When thou art abroad, and in safety, I may find means to join thee," replied Marian. "Happy hours may yet be in store for us."

"Bless thee, dearest!" said her husband, as he passed his arm around her waist, and her head reclined on his shoulder.

They had stood thus for a few seconds, beside the window, when Herbert quitted his position, and advanced towards the inner apartment, whither a sudden call from the nurse invited him. Marian had taken but a single step to follow him, when the report of a pistol was heard, and Marian, with a deep groan, sank on the cottage floor.

Herbert flew towards her: he raised her in his arms: but the ball had entered her side, and the blood flowed freely. Herbert bent over her in indescribable agony. Her face was deathly pale; but her eyes turned with fondness on her husband, as, with difficulty, she articulated—

"This stroke was doubtless meant for thee. Oh, the bliss that thou art safe, and that I may die for thee! My poor father!" she murmured faintly, as her head dropped exhausted on his shoulder.

"Help! instant aid, in the name of God!" wildly cried Herbert; and the nurse, scarcely less distracted, hastened to obtain assistance.

"Help is vain," said Marian; "I feel it here;" and she pressed her chilly hand on her side. The dews of death were on her forehead; but her arms were clasped firmly around her husband's neck.

"It is a bitter pang to leave thee!" sighed Marian; "but a few more years, and thou wilt be with me, free from sorrow, from suffering."

The last word was scarcely distinguishable. She sighed heavily: Herbert felt the arms which were around him relax in their grasp—her gentle soul had fled—it was only the lifeless corse of his beloved Marian which he pressed distractedly to his bosom, and gazed on in mute but unutterable despair.

It was Philip Godfrey who had followed Marian on that fatal night. He had watched her into the cottage—he saw her in the arms of a young cavalier, though he distinguished not that it was Herbert Lisle—he witnessed their endearments; and, fraught with madness at the disgrace which he imagined had been thus brought upon his family, he drew forth his pistol and aimed it at Herbert. But Marian, his sister, was fated to be the unhappy sufferer from his deadly purpose. He stayed not to know the event; as, fearful of pursuit, he hastened immediately from the spot. Bitter was his repentance, when he found that he had sacrificed his beloved sister; and when the true circumstances of the case were made known to him, he was unable to bear his reflections, and sailed soon after for America, where he died at the close of a few years.

From the moment of Marian's death, Herbert Lisle was a melancholy man; and though Matthew Godfrey, softened and almost broken-hearted by the misfortune which had befallen his family, blessed and forgave him ere he left England, he moved no more in scenes of gaiety, for the light of his existence had

passed away for ever; and, soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, he died at his paternal mansion, in Kent, young in years, but willingly resigning the load of life which had pressed heavily upon him since the death of his ever fondly-remembered Marian.

#### THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

**T**HE Chamber of Deputies, which was created on the 4th of June, 1814, by the 15th Article of the Constitutional Charter, bears some resemblance to the opera, in the various distribution of its characters and performers,—its choruses and figurants. Like the latter, it has first-rate stars, and twinklers of minor magnitude; shining public characters, intermixed with puppets and mutes; and the whole assemblage, viewed together in its grotesque costume of antiquated frippery and modern exaggeration, presents us with a very faithful representation of a melo-drama on a grand scale.

The palace in which these legislators hold their sittings, resembles in its external figure that favourite residence of music and song. It is erected on the left bank of the Seine, at the extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, and is connected by the bridge of Louis XVI., with the extensive square that terminates the Tuileries.

The portico of this palace is composed of twelve Corinthian columns, surmounted by a triangular pediment, which is adorned with a bas-relief, emblematic of the power and influence of law. A superb staircase leads to this portico, between two statues, representing Themis and Minerva. On the exterior there is a range of statues, bearing the names of Sully, Colbert, D'Aguesseau, and l'Hopital. On the grand gala days of public debate, the pavement of the porch is marked all over with circles drawn with chalk, having each

of them a certain number, and a piece of money in the centre. This is done from four to five o'clock in the morning, when numbers of persons come to secure a place by means of this little operation, and then retire till the opening of the Sitting takes place.

The scene of debate is a semi-circular saloon, which is lighted from the top, and is illuminated at night by a lustre, suspended very majestically by invisible means, and kept up during the continuance of the debates. The members are seated on semi-circular rows of benches, which are separated by two wide passages that insulate the centre from the right and left. Three other smaller avenues which sub-divide these three grand divisions form the first and second sections of the left and right, the right centre, and the left centre. At the extreme left are the veteran friends of liberty—the venerable Lafayette, the eloquent B. Constant, the ardent Corcelles, Labbey de Pompieres, Casimir-Perrier, Lameth, and about fifty others, who have grown grey in the career of patriotism. On the left is the party of Terneaux, Duvergier de Hauranne, Keratry, and Saint-Aulaire, who were *doctrinaires* under Decazes, and liberals under Villele,—men of talents and respectable citizens; but mere novices in political intrigue, whose want of foresight and sagacity has twice compromised the interests of France. Immediately on their right the *centre-gauche* appears composed of a species of figurants, of



whom the Comte Beugnot was formerly the coryphæus; they are a race of timid men, whom the drudgery of debate fatigues, and who form a chorus when their neighbours of the *centre-droit* call for the order of the day, the question, or the adjournment, and vote according to the dictates of the moment with these functionaries, the doubles of the ministry, or with the friends of liberty.

On the other side of the Chamber, at the extremity of the right, are seated the partizans of the *ancien régime*, Messrs. de Sallaberry, de Corday, Syries de Mayrinbac, de la Boulaye, and a few more half dozens of veteran nobles, or blind admirers of the *preux chevaliers* of the ancient crusades. M. de la Bourdonnaye is the head of this party. It was he who prophesied, in an austere and gloomy voice, the miseries of another revolution, and spoke of scaffolds and massacres on the question of the budget,—endeavouring to draw the timid into his train, by the recollections of the past, and the fears of the future, and to produce the triumphs of the counter-revolution, of which he is doomed to be the champion and the orator. The former President of the Chamber, M. Ravez, takes his seat on the first row of the second section of the right, (where all the fragments of the former ministry are collected,) and supports him with all the force of his inexhaustible lungs.

The ministers occupy the two benches of the centre, which are nearest to the tribune, and are placed in front of the President. The galleries, which are raised above the whole space allotted for the members, are open to the reporters of the newspapers and to the public. They are separated by the regular openings of an extensive colonnade, and are supported by pilasters, from which green draperies are suspended, surmounted by purple crowns. Behind the President's seat are the busts of the four last Bourbons: Louis XVI.; Louis XVII.; Louis XVIII.; and Charles X. The superb chair of

the President out-tops the tribune, which is enchased with white marble, and on which two figures are placed, in a sitting posture, representing History and Fame. The pedestrian statues of Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero, occupy niches which are wrought out to the right and left of the chair, but in which, with more propriety, might be placed the renowned orators of France,—Mirabaud, Vergniaud, Maury, Cazalès, Foy, and Camille-Jourdan. The walls around are ornamented with stucco work, and intersected with plates of gilt metal. Two lateral doors of mahogany, studded with stars of gold, serve exclusively for the exit and entrance of the Deputies. The floor of the room, which is said to be ornamented with allegorical emblems, is usually covered with a rich carpet, formed into squares.

It is now one o'clock—the drum is heard—and that is the signal for the approach of the President, M. Royer-Collard. He repairs to the Assembly between a double row of veterans, who present arms, and is preceded by a captain, who marches before him, with his sword drawn. The galleries are already crowded with spectators, and the reporters of the journals are at their posts. The Deputies enter, and take their places; among them we recognize the Baron de Puymaurin, the Director of the Medal Mint, by his large and dark visage, his enormous paunch, and his spindle shanks; he bows as he passes the ministerial bench, and takes his place at the centre, as near as possible to their high mightinesses. It is also easy to recognize General Sebastiani, by his easy gait and graceful gestures,—by his full and expressive countenance, and his whole exterior, that revives the contours and conceptions of Raphael. His appearance is finely contrasted with that of the publicist, B. Constant, who advances with stooping shoulders, and long and awkward arms. Mons. Charles Dupin next comes in, who casts a glance, indicative of self-sat-

isfaction, at the ladies that grace the galleries; while General Lafayette advances towards his seat with hobbling steps, being saluted by the whole *côté-gauche*, and admired by the spectators for his noble and venerable appearance,—his generous deeds, and the lofty and liberal sentiments that he has displayed during the whole course of his long and stormy career. Since its first creation, in 1814, the Chamber of Deputies has, camelion-like, changed its physiognomy, colour, and complexion. Under it the eagle has dislodged the lilies, and the coat-of-arms of the kings of France recovered its position three months afterwards, and put the imperial eagles to flight. In 1815, the benches of the *côté-droit* were no longer able to contain the numerous partisans of aristocracy, but the ordinance of the 5th of September, 1816, reinforced the centre with a new band. The law of Elections of the 5th of February, 1817, doubled the ranks of the constitutional party, at the expense of the advocates of the ancient regime. This law, which is conformable to the text of the Charter, renewed the Chamber of Deputies by one-fifth every year.

The party threatened by this law, perceiving the approaches of the storm which was gathering to overwhelm them, by securing the triumph of public liberty, turned to profit the last day that remained to them, in order to stifle at its birth the law that seemed destined for their own destruction. The struggle was the most stormy and the most splendid that was ever exhibited in the parliamentary annals of France; and from it came forth the electoral law, which, at the present moment, regulates the representative system of the nation. This law added 192 new members to the 258 that formerly composed the entire body of the Chamber of Deputies, and it estab-

lished two orders of election. It created the colleges of the departments, formed solely from the fourth part of the total numbers of the electors of each department, selected from the most heavily-taxed classes, that, after having concurred, each by their individual vote, in the nomination of the 258 deputies assigned to the colleges of the Arrondissements, enjoy the additional privilege of voting a second time for the nomination of two, three, or four deputies, according to the new distribution made between all the departments of the 192 members created by the law of the 20th of June, 1820; a law which was modified by the ministry of 1824, by substituting, instead of the partial renovation by the one-fifth, an entire renovation every seventh year.

This combined system of the law of election produced the fruits that were expected by the friends of the *ancien regime*, and from the year 1821 to 1827, the different deputies were more or less devoted to the opinions of the *côté-droit*. The old *côté-gauche* of the Chamber was almost entirely turned out, with the exception of 15 or 20 members only, who escaped from this species of ostracism. However, they had courage enough left, (as they were supported by public opinion) to maintain, with firmness and constancy, a still surviving party. Their voices, proclaiming the truth, made numerous proselytes out of doors, and they laid bare the mask and the sophistry of Villele, by exposing his counter-revolutionary projects, while they attached to themselves the moderate and anti-jesuitical part of the Chamber; and thus, becoming powerful, they forced the ministry to have recourse to a dissolution, and brought on the liberal elections of 1827, that dislodged the *côté-droit*, and thinned the rows of the centre.

I  
inv  
tim  
crit  
lay  
ers  
eve  
ver  
den  
any  
of  
by  
able  
of  
can  
con  
pop  
rem  
at s  
sica  
auc  
in t  
ture  
subj  
stan  
with  
of  
and  
los  
the  
poet  
thro  
whe  
man  
for  
thou  
quer  
spea  
only  
the  
men  
ture  
natu  
form  
as th  
not i  
rant  
only  
wit:

## THE FALL OF NINEVEH.\*

IN sitting down to the examination of an epic poem, our thoughts are involuntarily carried back to the times when the fathers of modern criticism amused themselves with laying down rules to direct the builders of the "lofty rhyme," and when even poets themselves tuned their verse to the naturally unmusical burden of critical science. Whether any of these philosophers in the art of poetry effected any good purpose by their efforts, is matter of considerable doubt; but certain it is, we know of no epic or tragedy to which they can lay the smallest claim as having contributed to its intrinsic beauty or popularity. In our own country, no remarkable attempts have been made at setting forth a compilation of classical rules and institutes for the guidance of the poet. The greatest men in the early days of English literature have occasionally written on the subject; but it is a curious circumstance that they have written, not with any regard to the technicalities of criticism, but in the clear, bold, and fervid spirit of true practical philosophy; not laying down rules for the composition of certain species of poetry, but ranging with delight through the bright and flowery fields whence it has gathered the very manna of its inspiration. Witness, for example, that piece of excellent, though quaint and forgotten eloquence, in which Sir Philip Sydney, speaking of poets, says, that they only, disdaining to be tied to any of the subjections of other thinking men, "do grow in effect another nature, in making things better than nature bringeth forth, or quite new forms, such as never was in nature, so as they go hand in hand with nature, not inclosed in within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of their own wit;" or that equally beautiful and

noble sentiment of Bacon, which describes poetry as "having something of divineness; because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things." Nothing was ever written on the subject which contained a finer or more philosophical description of the true nature of poetry than this. But, while the founders of English literature thus early taught us to value its highest branches for their abstract worth, or excellency, both France and Italy had their popularly received masters in criticism, who, instead of lifting the veil from the divine form of poesy, and leaving men to worship her for her beauty and perfection, endeavoured to secure the love and imitation of the old models of classic composition, by proving their construction to be in perfect accordance with certain discoverable principles of the poetic art. This, in reality, effected nothing but the encouragement of a few writers of no genius to attempt the higher walks of poetry, which their false guides had seemed to make plain and of easy access. The men of superior talent who pursued the same track were neither assisted nor influenced by the treatises that were written on the subject of their attention. Dante and Ariosto, our own Shakspeare and Spenser, the master-spirits of their respective ages, set rules at defiance, or, rather, worked after such as, not critics, but poetry itself, had taught them. Milton is, perhaps, a still more conspicuous instance. He was a most accomplished classical scholar; he had been acquainted from his youth with the writings which were best calculated to make him respect the rules of epic composition; but, notwithstanding this, it is easy to see that the free and romantic genius of

\* *The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem.* By Edward Atherstone. 8vo. pp. 238. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1826.

his native Muse had a greater share in the management of his principal poems, than the classical one of antiquity. In the examination, therefore, of Mr. Atherstone's poem, it is not the strict rules of the epic we should apply to its several pages, in any case, but we have other reasons at present: in the first place, the portion before us will not enable us to judge of the completeness or consistency of Mr. Atherstone's plan, and, in the next, as the first six books are sent forth as a specimen of the work, it will be at present more useful to follow the author's example, and produce specimens of his style and versification. The following extracts are distinguished by great beauty of language and poetical imagery:

"The Priest withdrew.  
Upon the summit of the hill arrived,  
Amid the holy trees,—his falchion first,  
And glittering spear upon the ground he laid:  
His brazen helmet next, and shining mail:  
Then, in his priestly vestments clad alone,  
Fell prostrate on the earth. Uprising soon,  
His arms he lifted, and his kindled eye  
Turned towards the dazzling multitude of  
heaven,  
And the bright moon. His pale and awful face  
Grew paler as he gazed, and thus began:—  
'Look down upon us from your spheres of light,  
Bright Ministers of the Invisible!  
Before whose dread Supremacy weak man  
May not appear: for what are we, earth worms,  
That the All-Holy One to us should stoop  
From the pure sanctuary where he dwells,  
Throned in eternal light? but yet his face  
Behold, and in his presence stand, and hear  
His voice divine; and his commands obey,—  
Vicererents of the sky. Upon your priest  
Look down, and hear his prayer. And you  
the chief,—  
Bright Mediators between God and man,—  
Who, on your burning chariots, path the heavens,  
In ceaseless round,—Saturn and mighty Sol,—  
Though absent now, beyond the ends of earth,  
Yet hearing human prayer,—great Jupiter,—  
Venus—and Mars—and Mercury—O! hear,  
Interpreters divine! and for your priest,  
Draw the dark veil that shades the days to  
come!  
Do not the nations groan? Is not this land,  
This proud Assyria, drunken with her power?  
Yon giant city, where the tyrant dwells,  
Is she not steeped in guilt unto the lips?  
Are not her women foul?—her men debased?  
Is there, on earth, a monster like to him  
That sitteth on her throne, and holds in bonds  
Millions, and tens of millions, whose loud cry  
Ascendeth daily to the sky for help!—  
And will ye then not help?"

"He paused, and gazed  
Long time in silence on the starry host;

His face like marble; but his large dark eyes  
Lit as with fire: Then,—as upon him shone  
Heaven opening,—and the vision of the years,  
Shadowy, before him passed,—with hollow  
voice,

Broken and tremulous. 'I feel ye will—  
I see the dark veil drawn—I see a throne  
Dashed to the earth—I see a mighty blaze  
As of a city flaming to the heaven—  
Another rises—and another throne—  
Thereon a crowned one, godlike—but his face  
With cloud o'ershadowed yet—ha! is it thou!—  
Hark! hark! the countless nations shout for joy!  
I hear their voices like the multitudes  
Of Ocean's tempest waves—I hear—I see'—"

The following description of Sardapanalus' approach to battle is very highly wrought:

"He comes at length:—  
The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:  
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly  
The brazen gates:—sounds then the tramp of  
hoofs,—  
And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,  
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-  
white steeds,  
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,  
Spring through the gate;—the lofty chariot  
then,  
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,  
Even like the starry night. The spokes were  
gold,  
With folies of strong brass; the knaves were  
brass,  
With burnished gold o'erlaid, and diamond  
rimmed:  
Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased;  
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,  
Like a rich throne, the gorgeous seat was  
framed;  
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold:  
On either side a golden statue stood:  
Upon the right,—and on a throne of gold,—  
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,  
And worshipp'd as a God; but, on the left,  
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,  
A Goddess; on her head, a tower; and, round,  
Celestial glory: this the deity  
Whom most the monarch worshipt; she whom,  
since,  
Astarte, or Derceto, men have named,  
And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist  
A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,  
Seemed heaving to her breath. Behind the car,  
Full in the centre, on the ebony ground,  
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,  
A horned moon of diamond; and, beyond,  
The planets, each one blazing diamond.  
Such was the chariot of the king of kings.  
Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft,  
And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,  
His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang  
Within the roomy car. Thus, like a God,  
From forth the gates he comes,—and every  
knee  
Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,  
'Long live Sardapanalus, king of kings!  
May the king live for ever!' Thrice he smiles,  
And waves his hands to all! and thrice the  
shouts  
To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse

Springs every rider ; every charioteer  
Leaps to his car ; and through the sounding  
streets

The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain  
Pours forth : and evermore, from street to  
street,

Runs on the cry, ' The king ! the king comes  
forth !

The king of kings in his war-chariot comes !  
Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings !  
May the king live for ever !"

" To the walls  
The cry flies on,—they hear it on the plains,—  
The plains cry out,—they hear it in the hea-  
vens.

On through the bowing host the monarch  
drives ;

High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,  
Like an ethereal fire, through all the field  
Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,  
From nation unto nation, goes he on ;  
And still all knees are bent, all voices raised,  
As to a deity."

*Nekushta's Bower.*

" 'Twas a spot  
Herself had chosen, from the palace walls  
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,  
And by no eye overlooked ; for in the midst  
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—  
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs  
That from the deep shades all around it  
breathed,

Cool, and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine,—

Roses of varied hues,—all climbing shrubs,  
Green leaved and fragrant, had she planted  
there,—

And trees of slender body, fruit and flower ;—  
At early morn had watered, and at eve,  
From a bright fountain high, that ceaselessly  
Gushed with a gentle coil from out the earth,  
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun  
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch,  
The plant branches, intertwined, were bent ;  
Flowers some,—and some rich fruits of gor-  
geous hues,

Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,  
Or, with rich scent, the smell,—or that fine  
sense  
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare  
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor  
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,  
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,  
Inviting slumber. At the noon-tide hour,  
Here, with some chosen maidens would she  
come,

Stories of love to listen, or the deeds  
Of heroes of old days ; the harp, sometimes,  
Herself would touch, and, with her own sweet  
voice,  
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,  
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun  
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet  
shone,—

A last gleam catching from his closing eye,—  
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,  
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she  
pass,—

Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm,—  
Through orange groves, and citron,—myrtle  
walks,—

Alleys of roses,—beds of sweetest flowers,—  
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze

Breathing profusely all,—and, having reached  
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile  
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,  
The pleasant time would pass ; or to the lute  
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice  
That sang of hapless love : or, arm in arm,  
Amid the twilight saunter, listing off  
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,  
Or whisperings in the leaves,—or, in his pride  
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale  
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds ;  
And, ever as the silence came again,  
The distant and unceasing hum could hear  
Of that magnificent city, on all sides  
Surrounding them. But oft with one alone,  
One faithful, favoured maiden, would she come ;  
At early morn sometimes, while every flower,  
In diamonds glittering, with its proud weight  
bowed ;

When through the glistening trees the golden  
beams

Aslant their bright flood poured, and every bird  
In his green palace sitting sang aloud,  
And all the air with youthful fragrance teemed,  
Fresh as at Nature's birth :—her pasture them,  
The flowers to tend,—to look upon the sky,—  
And on the earth,—and drink the perfumed  
air,—

And in the gladness of all things be glad.  
But in the placid twilight hour of eve  
Not seldom came they : Dara then the harp,  
Or dulcimer would touch ; or, happier still,  
His words of love into her listening ear  
Distil with sweeter music than from string,  
Or breathing pipe, though sweet."

After quoting the above, our readers will be enabled to judge of the author's power of language and versification. Mr. Atherstone is evidently a writer of the first ability, and the design of his present Poem appears to be a great and happy one. We warn him against aiming too much at smoothness in over-ornamenting his verse. An epic poem must entirely depend for success on a sort of regal grandeur in its language, and the most noble simplicity of exalted sentiment. The taste of the age is, perhaps, unfitted to give extensive popularity to a composition, depending for its praise on such characteristics ; but no epic can be tolerated without them ; and it would be a hopeless task in an author to endeavour a successful union between the style which would please popular readers and that fitted for an epic. Mr. Atherstone, we doubt not, will be found, when his poem is complete, to have avoided the errors of such an attempt ; and we look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the remainder of his *Nineveh*.

## THE MAN OF PROMISE.

He only in whose ample breast  
 Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,  
 The praise of wisdom may contest ;  
 Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,  
 Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries,  
 Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.—WYEST'S *Pindar*.

**T**HE great difference which prevails among mankind in intellectual abilities and attainments, is attributed by philosophers to various causes. Of the diversity of mental capacity, one reason indeed, is obvious: that Providence, in its wisdom, has allotted to different creatures, different powers, not only in their specific, but in their individual natures. The individual distinction, however, does not obtain to the extent which is generally believed; and many, who are sensible of their deficiency in this respect, have frequently more cause to ascribe it to themselves than to their Maker; because, though undoubtedly some have greater advantages than others for the improvement of the intellectual faculties, few endeavour so far as they are able, and with the opportunities which they possess, to strengthen or refine the understanding.

Many who, for the support of life, always adhere to the same track, compelled by necessity, or led by accident, are often obliged to want the invaluable benefits of a liberal education and polished society, and many, who, by their external circumstances, or the smiles of fortune, might be enabled to enjoy those blessings, are equally precluded from them by casualties of a peculiar nature; by the objections of a particular sect in religion to which they may be united, by avaricious motives, or the ignorant apprehension that those who should gain the knowledge of life, may recede from the paths of virtue; that those who partake of the elegances and gaieties of refinement are rendered unfit for the accumulation of wealth, for the cares of domestic life, or the sober sphere of active usefulness.

But those who are debarred, except to a very limited degree, from the advantages of good society, are generally for the same reasons deprived of the endowments of literature. Real genius, however, accompanied by good sense, will break through the trammels of circumstance, undismayed by privations, unchecked by obstacles; and will proceed so far without foreign assistance, to clear away the mists of ignorance and prejudice with which it is encompassed, as to open to itself a prospect in which the intellectual vision can repose with security, satisfaction, and delight; in which it can discern the travellers up the ascent of knowledge, though favoured by more propitious fortune, and consequently passing above it, some incited by hope, and others supported by application, yet few more ardent in the pursuit, and none making more rapid advances. In this laudable progress, when mindful of its particular condition, it never rejects with contempt the counsels of a friend, or vainly assumes to itself that which it has no right to adopt, and no ability to support. Its deportment is characterized by affability without loquacity, modesty without servility, a disposition to listen to the decision of more experienced judges; a willingness to arrive at truth, but without the compromise of principle, or the degradation of subserviency. Its knowledge of things appears to be gained by intuition, its ideas of right and wrong almost without reflection; and those whom chance has brought within its influence, derive from it such assistance and gratification, as induce attention and homage, and excite that applause and veneration which the more sensible part of the community are always found ready



to confer on merit, however dignified, or however depressed.

The man of sense and genius, by his superior powers in the comprehension of what to others may appear difficult or abstruse, is less liable to the admiration of what is great and splendid; to that inquisitiveness in the investigation of truth, or to that loquacity in the display of his knowledge, for which persons of more ordinary capacities, though great pretenders to science, are remarkable. He is, indeed, frequently distinguished by a natural taciturnity; since what to him can be the use of an exuberance of words about things, whose nature is to his understanding so easy of perception? He measures the perspicuity of others by his own; and therefore hesitates, through motives of delicacy, to relieve their hebetude, or through ignorance of their insufficiency, fancies they are equally sagacious with himself.

As genius is sometimes united with pride, so is it often conjoined with vanity, the characters of both of which are extremely distinct; for according to an observation of Swift, a man may be too proud to be vain. The proud man of genius acts with regard to others in nearly the same manner as the character just described, but with this difference; that what the latter does from motives of ignorance or delicacy, the former does chiefly by design. The vain man of genius may sometimes gain applause from the ignorant and illiterate, but frequently meets with ridicule and contempt from the wise; for the generality of mankind are more willing to listen to the dictates of good sense unaccompanied by genius, than to the precepts of genius without good sense. He will, therefore, after several ineffectual attempts to extort regard from the most reputable quarter, rather than forego the darling object of his pursuit, shrink back into more congenial society, where he can be made president of their assemblies, looked up to as a prodigy of excellence, chosen umpire of disputes, or guide in their

counsels; where he can pass his jokes and his witticisms without fear of restraint or interruption except from the bursts of applause which they elicit. He, like Cæsar, would rather be first in the second, than second in the first, class of the community. His incessant study is rather the exaltation of himself than the benefit of others. He regards with invidious jealousy the pretensions of any one of his associates, who prompted by his success in the acquisition of honour and homage, or by the hope of transcendence, may set himself up as a competitor.

To be considered a man of genius is of such great importance and gratification to some, that the reality has naturally given rise to imitators, and has called forth pretenders in the art of pleasing, but little qualified, from want of the requisite talents in method or in substance: such persons try every plan that can be imagined to attract the attention of their company, excite merriment, or provoke laughter; but their ignorance of things, and their awkward address, generally conspire to obscure that sunshine of approbation which they had contemplated would burst forth after the sudden and copious emission of all the pretty things which they had treasured up to amuse. This disposition, however, is not always the most conspicuous trait in their character. To be held an adept in literature, in poetry, history, classical learning, in short, in the whole compass of science, is a consideration with them tantamount to that of the possession of genius. To effect their purpose, where deficiency is felt, recourse is had to stratagem.

THRASO possesses some parts, but very little learning. When young he was sent to a public school in the north, where he was instructed in little else than the common rudiments of a plain English education. By the general consent of his teachers, however, he was regarded as a prodigy of skill, because he could parse with ease and correctness a supposed difficult sentence in an English au-

thor, and could solve a question in Double Position by the rule of Algebra. Flattered and caressed by his schoolfellows, young Thraso soon began to assume the airs of conceit, and the arrogance of imagined superiority; believing no head so wise, and no talents so powerful as his own. With such endowments and such vanities, he continued to attract regard until the time arrived that he was to leave school; when it was not to be wondered if his masters, equally foolish, should have recommended him to a situation in which he might indulge, as they termed it, the bent of his genius and his taste for literature.

When eighteen years old, he was admitted into an office where he was surprised to find others of superior capacity and attainments. Some were ready at quotations, though they seldom indulged in them, from Greek, Roman, and other classical writers. Others were adepts in music and painting, and could almost rival a Braham in the "mellow energies of song." Thraso, as he was equally a stranger to all these acquirements, as well as ignorant of their different degrees of excellence, conceived that he wanted no requisite for equal clearness, and equal fame, but a little initiatory instruction, and courage for the exhibition of his powers, whenever an opportunity should offer itself. He therefore commenced to learn with assiduity so much of the Greek and Latin authors as would qualify him, by the quantity and variety of his quotations, for the display of his proficiency in classical learning. Of music and singing, and other light accomplishments, he expected to be quite master in a short time, by devoting for a month one hour in the day to the former, and half that time to the latter. His music-master had often told him that he had no ear for music, and no voice for singing; nevertheless, he was determined to surmount, if possible, every impediment, when he reflected on the pleasure he should experience from the applause

of his auditors, as soon as he commenced operations before them.

No sooner had he conceived himself sufficiently accomplished, than he set out on his expedition of vanity, with all the flush of expectation, dignity of self-importance, and pretended sagacity of an *amateur*. In order that in whatever company he happened to fall, his quotations might be apt, and his allusions witty, he resolved whenever the conversation did not suit his designs, to turn it, if possible, to a point that would suit his purpose. When there happened to be a warm discussion, and the opinions of the disputants to be very discordant, Thraso would relieve the obstinacy of opposition, by observing, with a very consequential air, "but you know, gentlemen, *quot homines, tot sententiae*," looking meanwhile at every countenance for that flattering approbation to which such a display of learning undoubtedly entitled him.

If the subject of physiognomy be introduced, and whether the visage be a true index of the mind, Thraso, in endeavouring to hit the right nail upon the head, remarks that it is not as one of the Latin poets, he thinks *Sallust*, decides the question by saying, *Fronti nulla fides*. The smiles of ridicule consequent to such blunders, his vanity will sometimes lead him to mistake for praise, of which every repetition tends to embolden future attempts to *shine*; so that we have him continually interrupting argumentative discussion, or convivial jollity, by ostentatious interlocations, or an express desire to sing a song. He has been known to repeat the same anecdote fifteen different times in nearly the same words. If one well qualified for narrative, begins a tale for general entertainment, with which Thraso should happen to have been already acquainted, he will wrest it from the mouth of the speaker, and give it himself; which he generally does with such hurry and force of gesture, and confusion of statements, by anticipating the event, that at the close the effect is deaden-

ed, the hearers remain unmoved, except with disgust, and he finds himself left alone to enjoy it. He sometimes engrosses the whole attention of a company by puerile loquacity, sallies of false wit, inapt allusions, and trite anecdotes; and seems resolved to unburden before them his whole cargo of knowledge, whether they are disposed to suffer it or not.

—usque adeone,  
Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat  
alter ? PERSIUS.

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,  
And science is not science till reveal'd.

DRYDEN.

It would conduce materially to the benefit and comforts of society, if real merit were more generally and more carefully distinguished from counterfeit; and if solid acquisitions and substantive virtues were not allowed to be so frequently eclipsed by the false glare of superficial pretension. And this end would be great-

ly promoted by giving to the rising generation, a better grounded, and more solid, but less extended education; an education that would, at least, deter the inexperienced from falling into the follies so much to be deprecated, of vanity, pride, and conceit; and occasion the justness of the lines in Pope to be less frequently verified:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers us again," &c.

It was observed by Goldsmith in his day, and is equally true in the present, that there is a prevalent "passion to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a *talker* in all, but *master* in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill."

#### THE FINDING OF MOSES.

THE far-stretching Nilus one chrysolite seems,  
And bright is the heav'n from his bosom that beams;  
But ne'er hath his billow reflected before  
A form so divine, as approaches his shore.

Like the star that first gems the still brow of the night,  
She comes—and her maidens are lost in her light;  
Like that star gliding down to the slumbering wave  
She hastens her pearly-pure bosom to lave.

But, daughter of Pharaoh! the boast of the land!  
What spell now arrests that fleet foot in the sand?  
Why bends that keen eye o'er the flags spreading yonder?  
Why cluster, ye damsels, in silence around her?

Chills the crocodile-god that pure bosom with fear?  
Or is crocodile-man with his wiles lurking near?  
No—staid is that footstep, and staid is that eye,  
But of *danger* she dreams not—no danger is nigh.

'Tis yon garlanded skiff, by the brink of the stream,  
Like the cloud-built pagoda of day's dying beam—  
Like the fairy-fraught car o'er the moon-beam that strays,  
Has flutter'd her bosom, and fetter'd her gaze.

And her maidens have sped with the fleetness of thought,  
And the trophy, triumphant, before her have brought;  
'Tis of bulrushes built, and betokens an art  
That is Nature's alone—that but springs of the heart.

So goodly the casket, oh! who may divine  
The price of the jewel that's treasured within!  
'Tis display'd—a sweet babe, while she looks, looks again,  
And the innocent wept, and he wept not in vain.

## THE ADVENTURER'S STORY.

**T**IS a melancholy thing for those who possess any romance of character, to find how little of the savage is now remaining to us. Men very generally wear skirts to their coats, and brigands, pirates, bandit chiefs, and others of the same interesting species, are growing very tame. 'Gad! it was a satisfaction to be pilfered in those days, when a tall horseman in black, struck with the appearance of your travelling carriage, insinuated a pale aristocratic hand, and declared as he was a gentleman, that your purse was all he desired. But this, after all, was but a silly mode of entertainment, compared with the horrible delights of an all but murder in Italy, or the Black Forest. Singular the sweetness of being torn from your family, thumped on the head by genuine desperadoes, gagged, blindfolded, handcuffed, or what not, and after a fortnight of bread and water, giving up half your patrimony as a ransom. Ye mountains of Abruzzi, and ye dear villains, who were wont to murder so beautifully, though I have never myself been slain, nor robbed of aught but two bad pocket handkerchiefs, somewhere near Covent Garden.—Oh! sabres, scymitars, caves, and all other bloody places! —Oh! money and lives lost! What rapturous visions do these holy ideas excite!

Such have been the exclamations of some amongst the giddy rout, who rush from merry England for excitement abroad. I grieve for the professor of these tenets, that police laws, like snuffers, have cleared away so many thieves;—it is distressing to think, that even Lord Cochrane should have taken arms against the pirates, and that so few adventures being to be had now-a-days, foreign land is no longer desirable, as a genteel means of procuring them.

This is not much to the purpose. —I had a friend, who, with knap-

sack on back, launched himself from England, to forget, if possible, the vile common places of his native land. He was a man of singular temper—perhaps I should call him rather too heteroclitite, but that his crotchets were generally harmless. Yet the being a continual exception to the common rule of humanity, made his companions rather more like so many dittos of each other than was agreeable,—for their little deviations and small eccentricities, seemed very ordinary by the side of his exceeding crookedness.

We left Falmouth together in a Mediterranean packet.—France was dull, and land-travelling insipid, unless the road happened to be unfrequented.—But a first voyage is a sad tamer of your wild spirits. And when poor Roberts appeared on deck after his noviciate of sickness, it was strange to hear him babble of his relations, and wonder how far it might be to Gibraltar.

"And," said he, "I should like to know how Napoleon looked in a gale of wind? Was he faint of heart think you, when these desperate lurches,—here's one,—take care Ned—take care!—I thought we had been down!—Eh? they call *that* a sea, don't they?—these hanged sailors are never satisfied but with a hurricane. But I was asking just now, whether Alexander,—no, whether Napoleon was likely to suffer much from this torture, which I can't help thinking!"

Here was a pause, during which all the features of his face seemed to undergo a change of position;—his lips quivered, but uttered nought.

"What can't you help thinking, Roberts?"

"Eh?—Think? was I thinking?—what can it matter,—to-morrow Ned, to-morrow we'll talk all about it;—better weather then,—I hope to-morrow!"

And so saying, he tottered down

the ladder to his hospital birth below.

All this was forgotten on the morning of our arrival at Cadiz. I had just made my appearance on deck, when he came up to me rubbing his hands, with a real chuckle. "At last, Ned; at last.—Just look around you, my boy; did you ever see such a bay? Yonder's St. Mary's, and that's Chiclona, and this large white town on the shore is Cadiz itself, and those dark hills, are called—let's see—St. Mary's—Chiclona.—No, hang it!—I've forgotten their name. But never mind; look at these ships—scarcely two of a nation, ye see. That odd little thing with the raking masts is a brig of war from Brazil. They are just saluting her. She's the first that ever was saluted. Then see a Sardinian cruiser, and the Barbary flag. Oh! but I haven't yet introduced you to my friend." And he pointed to the harbour pilot, who had just come on board,—a dark ill-favoured dog, scowling beneath a flat round hat, ornamented with tags and tassels.

"There's a man for you;" cried my Cicerone, "he does not understand a word of English, I promise you. Isn't there rogue written on his countenance? I only wish I could converse with him a little." And with that he darted off to the Spaniard, and commenced a strange parley, wherein all his knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French was employed. This was only interrupted by the arrival of the shore-boat, in which we were soon conveyed to land. Roberts was in ecstasies. He thought the quay the masterpiece of human labour;—the gateway—a triumphal arch for Jupiter himself. Then the various people in their national costumes: the priest bowing to the salutations of the mob; the venders of fruit at their little stalls; the military in French uniforms! "Twas almost too much for him.

We had agreed to assemble, after our rambles, at an English inn, kept by one Wall, a fellow countryman. There was provided a repast, seem-

ingly all dainties, after our sea privations, and with true relish was it discussed. But one of our party failed in the agreement; Roberts had not arrived. The captain began to be nervous; where to seek him, or with what success, he could not guess, and in less than an hour he must set sail for Gibraltar. Well! the time passed on, and we were almost in despair, when in rushed our mislaid friend; breathless, and, according to Sternhold and Hopkins, "flying all abroad." He took a chair, put out his hand towards me, and addressed the packet master:—

"Captain, I must leave you. Not for long, perhaps,—but leave you I must."

"What freak now, Roberts?" I asked.

"Ah! Ned, does that question come from you? Why, 'tis a freak in which I think you'll join me.—I am going to Gibraltar by land!"

"By land, Roberts?"

"Aye, my boy,—on a mule. I have engaged two, one for a guide;—a third can be hired in a minute, if you'll come,—will you?"

"By no means; and surely my good fellow!"

"Hush, now, no waste of breath—they are waiting for me. All I have to say is—once more and lastly,—can you refuse this glorious expedition over the hills in a new country, and so avoid that hanged tossing about at sea?"

"And how shall you like the easy motion of your mule, think you?"

"I care not."

"And the language—have you an interpreter?"

"Pooh! who wants one? Not I—I want nothing of the sort; but I did expect that you, Ned, would have liked my scheme; I thought you were just the man. But never mind; give me your hand, old fellow, we shall meet at Gib., and I'll tell you all about it."

He was off in a moment; but the hour for our meeting was not so soon as he then arranged it to be.

A long while after this occurrence,

I was sitting in a coffee-room at Venice with an old friend; and, for aught I know, talking of this very person and these same events, when a tall man, with light coloured moustaches, and a red Albanian cap, entered the apartment. He was giving directions to the waiter, in French; and when at length he sat down at the common table with ourselves, it was not at first evident that his sunburnt visage was that of my eccentric crony, Roberts. Such, however, was the case. To recognise him was not easy, but his eyes had no sooner fallen on me, than he exclaimed with all his former heartiness, "What, my good friend, Ned, are you here? Well! the very last person! And you too, Harvey? This is a pleasure! I fancied I was come to a land of strangers, and I am greeted by two of the best fellows I ever knew." And so saying, he grasped us heartily by the hand, with a force that might almost have seemed unfriendly.

"I am not the same youth, you see, as when you left me."

"Pardon me," said I, "when you left us."

"Aye, aye, it was so; well, never mind that; I have since then seen strange things."

"And what became of you after you trotted away from Cadiz?"

"Why, why—I tell you what, Ned, about that we'll say nothing;—perhaps 'twas a foolish affair—but 'tis past; and now for other matters."

"But my dear Roberts—"

"No, Ned—I entreat you, as you love me, not a syllable about it."

And the matter has remained a mystery unto this day. Anon, we came to the subsequent adventures of the hero. The Chroniclers of that period may perhaps tell some of his valiant deeds; his perils by water and flood; his gay enterprises and happy achievements. But for me, poor tale-teller as I am, such a memorial is too weighty. He had been roving up and down the East, a complete knight-errant, and with much success, if to be injured, and beaten,

and maltreated, in all moods, have in them aught that may seem satisfactory. How he descanted upon the Black Flag of the Archipelago, and the freebooters of the Morea! What marvellous 'scapes of annihilation had he undergone! My pulses beat more fiercely than is their wont, as I remind me of his long disasters amongst Jews and Heathens, "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." These were recounted in suitably long discourse, and I began to consider him prolix, just at the point when Harvey had set him down as a gasconader. But still he proceeded in wordy toil, and not a bit seem anxious to abate, when one of his hearers showed first symptoms of impatience.

"Roberts," said he; "I beg pardon for interrupting you; but was not your ardour subdued by these everlasting trials of it?"

"Not in the least, my boy, as you shall hear."

"Nay, but one other word first;—are you still willing to encounter these mishaps, as we should call them, even though you have had such a life of them?"

"Why, yes," replied the other, "if any present themselves."

"Humph!" drawled out Harvey, and sat patiently till the budget was exhausted, and we parted for the night.

On the following morning, as we were sitting together after breakfast, a small dirty piece of paper, folded up in a most careful fashion, was delivered to Roberts. The superscription, written in bold, strong characters, was French; and the contents were expressed in the same language, fortunately for Roberts, who as yet knew scarcely a word of Italian. He read it, twisted his moustache, re-read it, smiled, stared, and swallowed at a draught a boiling cup of coffee. Then, mute as the grave, he handed the despatch to me, which ran as follows:—"Sir—We have heard of you, no matter how, down the Adriatic. To-morrow night a



deed is to be done, which requires such gallants as yourself. Our numbers are incomplete. If you will join us in this enterprise, a gondola with three men will be at the stairs of St. Marco, at the hour of the Ritivata; embark in it, and try your valour.—SPALATRO."

I looked at him, and he at me. I did not counsel, for he was not the person to benefit from ghostly comfort, and perhaps in this instance I disappointed him.

"What do you purpose doing?"

"Go—go; I *must* go. They have smelt me out even here; that hanged affair at Smyrna made me so notorious. And what can it be, think you?—a pirate—smuggler, or mere land-slayer? I care not—go I must."

And go he did.

On the following night he marched to the place of rendezvous, with his moustache more than ordinarily cocked up at the corners, in the semblance of a curl. He had been all the morning studying a volume of "Familiar Conversations;" and to confirm his spirit, a heavy flask had been stored with cordials. It was a raw night, and not a star twinkled as he got into the gondola, manned by the unusual complement of three men. For a short time a solemn silence prevailed: but as the canal widened, and gradually merged into the open water, Roberts's anxiety could be no longer restrained.

"Is there any gentleman here named Spalatro?"

One of the three answered, in bad French, that "the Captain was not with them."

"Where shall we meet him?"

"I may not say."

"What undertaking has he on hand to-night—can you tell me that?"

"Not I," was the brief reply; and the uncourteous subaltern gazed back on the canal from the stern of the boat, where he had taken his position.

This sort of mystery, however, was just as it should be; and Ro-

berts hummed the fag end of "Row, brothers, row." But the sons of Venice are minstrels by inheritance, and the cue being now given, his companions at their oars lacked no vehemence of lungs as each trolled forth a favourite ditty:—

"Ninetta Caretta  
Se assai piu ben fatta,  
Ma st' altra e piu matta  
Scaldada da amor."

And the sweet warbler gave place to his fellows, who in shrill falsetto pipes squeaked forth the remnant:—

"El' omo xe' un tomo  
Lo istizza lo impizza  
Le Donne che stuzzega  
La ponta del cuor."

This was all very amusing to poor Roberts, who not comprehending a syllable, of course deemed the burthen to be of wars and tumults; but when the Primo Senore, with replenished windpipe, chimed into the chorus,

"El' omo xe' un tomo," &c.

nine hero considered this bellowing somewhat indiscreet, if not unbecoming, in men so circumstanced. But his little plans of reform fell to the ground, for no question could elicit a polysyllabic answer from Spalatro's representative; and surely if to be taciturn were to be seemly, he played his part to perfection.

They rowed onward, occasionally talking to each other in a low tone, then bursting forth with some new canzonets, though seldom without a taste of "Ninetta Caretta." All this while Spalatro's deputy sate in moody abstraction, nothing dashed. He spoke not, he sang not, but singular suppressed sounds, like bubbles at the mouth of a fountain, were half distinguished by his new companion in arms, as playing upon his lips, and only imprisoned by force of pocket-handkerchief. It was very cold, and poor Roberts felt as though the enterprise lost somewhat for want of better society. He could not learn in what direction they were steering, nor at what distance was the desired spot, nor the nature of the affair; in short, he was becoming melancholic.

The lights of Venice, still reflected on the water, half seduced him from his love of romance, and a little ennui tempted him to dose. But the minister of Spalatro forbad the latter effort, by tapping the defective enthusiast on the skull, as though he wished to know who might be at home. And with this rebuke for his sluggishness, he mumbled some gibberish, as it seemed to the gondoliers, who thereupon struck up the following words:

"El gusto del boccolo  
Ga Nina vezzosa  
Ma quel della rosa  
Ga Betta per me,  
El naso sul boccolo."

"Hang the brocoli! When shall we get to the end of this very long voyage?" here piteously exclaimed Roberts, tired of the song, tired of his occupation, tired of his thoughts.

"Eh! Sir?" replied the other, "our voyage, for the present, is terminated." And hereupon giving directions to the boatmen, the gondola was run along a little neck of land, so low on the water as to have previously escaped notice. He got out, presenting his hand to Roberts, who followed him without delay. They advanced a few steps, when the other, in a quick decided tone, thus addressed him:—"I must here leave you. Wait patiently till the arrival of the captain or my own return. Be vigilant." He turned away, and almost instantly the splash of oars was audible, and the voices of the gondoliers were soon assuring the desolate hero, that

"El naso sul boccolo  
Nol gode mai tanto,  
Me quando l'è spanto  
El bon ghe senti."

"Fol-de-riddle-li-do," grumbled out my friend, when he found himself alone; determined, however, not to be outdone by a brace of lubberly Venetians. "Strange place," thought he, "strange people! Is it the continent, or an island?" How could he determine? It was dark as pitch,—nothing to guide or comfort him. The last notes of the merry

boatmen died away in the distance, and he began to consider himself ill-treated. His first idea was to survey the territory. But the ground was so swampy and uneven as to offer a very insecure footing, and a rash step brought him down with a prodigious cadence. He was half soused in water, and after extrication his better judgment condemned the idea of geographising without a lantern. He tried astronomy: but the heavenly bodies were gone, like decent bodies, to their slumbers, and as he gazed round about for a stray *roué* of a luminary, his cheek was saluted by a heavy drop of rain, the precursor of a severe shower. Was there no shelter—no alternative? Must he stand there like a scarecrow, to be laughed at by the elements? A second migratory movement was as unsuccessful as the first. He grew fidgety and cross. "Hang this Spalatro!" cried he aloud; but the echo of his own voice was rather too loud and sudden to be comfortable. So he spoke no more openly.

"Hang this Spalatro!" thought he to himself, "he's a bad general, however he may answer as a captain. Who could think of enlisting an amateur like myself, and treating his gratuitous services with such indifference? Why didn't I discover the arrangements of the night before I sate myself down as an audience to those two mad ballad-singers?—There they go, or something like them. I can see the lamps. Heavens! at what a distance! But stop—surely I see something glimmering not far off—Can it be a light on shore here?"

And turning round, he attempted to approach the quarter whence a faint gleam seemed to sparkle; but he found that the land was intersected by currents of water, more or less deep and wide, and frequent was the immersion which his lower man encountered in this chase. Still he seemed to advance, and, in a sanguine spirit, nothing begrudged the toil and travel: when, lo! the beacon disappeared! He was again in

utter darkness, numbed with cold, hopeless, and out of humour. He sate down upon a comparatively firm plot of ground, and with the courage of despair hallowed towards the faithless luminary. There was no immediate answer; but as he sate ruminating on his foulorn condition, with no disposition to uplift his voice again, a sudden flash of intense light glared full on his face, with such force as to compel him for a moment to avert his head. But this, also, like the more distant apparition, passed away. He had not recovered a steady strength of vision, before it was gone, and his nerves were no longer what they had been. Was it a wraith, a devil, or an earth-born monster? He feared each in succession, and as he heard an indistinct splashing of water at no great distance, his courage utterly forsook him, and he imagined that it was, like Cerberus, all the "three gentlemen at once." The cold and faint-heartedness which now quickly stole upon him, made each particular limb mercurial. He began to blaspheme; but oaths became him not in his dejection. His voice waxed feeble; he knew not what manner of man he was; and, gazing wildly around him, he deemed himself an inhabitant of Chaos. Poor fellow!—he forgot his flask;—no wonder he had forgotten himself.

It seemed to him that an eternity had elapsed in this unpleasant manner, when the sound of human voices caught his ear. He listened with all his senses, and could presently distinguish a mongrel noise with which he fancied himself familiar. It became more and more distinct, and at last he could for a certainty recognise the

"El naso sul boccolo."

"God bless the brocoli!" shouted the distressful man, straining every faculty to become the better conscious of the approaching ship of promise. And, certes, it did approach, and without long delay, was moored beside the projecting bit of land, whereon stood the newly animated

Roberts, like Pygmalion's statue, "timidly expanding into life."

"Quick, quick, Sir, no loitering," cried the saturnine Lieutenant; "we must away, or your excellency will lose promotion."

"Where is Signor Spalatro?"

"Oh! he's far enough off; but we'll overtake him, if you will but move. Are you coming?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I shall be well content to go anywhere, but if I have a preference for one place beyond another, it certainly, at this moment, is for Venice."

"For Venice?" ejaculated the freebooter.

"For Venice," sneakingly faltered the martyr.

"Sir, 'tis impossible! You have done nothing as yet, and I shall miss my bounty, if I fail to bring my aid.—'Tis impossible."

"But, good Monsieur, I am quite useless as a coadjutor in my present state, whatever your employment may be;" whined Roberts.

"Then stay where you are.—Antonio!" cried he, to one of the boatmen,—and in a few words of Italian, seemed to give directions for pushing off; when farther progress was stayed, by the supplicatory appeal of the miserable amateur.

"Good Sir, excellent Monsieur, as I live, you shall not repent it; I'll make intercession with Spalatro."

"It cannot be."

"I'll give you an equivalent for your loss."

"'Tis not enough."

"I'll give you more—aye, any thing you demand."

"Will you, though?" sleekly demanded the other; and a negotiation was immediately opened. The deliberation which followed was not long protracted, when the terms were to be settled by one of the parties only, and accordingly the sum of fifty Talarì was agreed upon as the price of his reconveyance, and the satisfied lieutenant was to call at mid-day on the following morning.

They returned in mute pomp, and Roberts shrunk to bed.

Early the next day, I invaded his room for the purpose of hearing the events of the important night, and was sitting with him, when Harvey and a friend were announced; they came in, and the unknown visitor was introduced as a Captain Montgomery. A little desultory conversation ensued, in which the captain took no part, till at last, during a pause—one indeed of many caused by an unaccountable awkwardness in our friend Roberts—the stranger opened his mouth for the first time with these singular words:—

"I have taken the liberty of calling on you, for the fifty Talari, according to covenant."

"The d—l!" shrieked Roberts. "You?"

"If you please, unless you prefer to merit a release by another trial of the marshes of Lerida."

"You?—How do you happen to know?"

"Only as the lieutenant of my

captain, here, Spalatro;" pointing to Harvey; "who wisely kept out of the way, and a plague on him for his prudence."

"Surely this is a mistake."

"Well, then, Mr. Roberts—shall I give you the whole cantata of *Ninetta Caretta*?" And he commenced the song.

"No—for goodness' sake," cried poor Roberts.

"Will you scamper with me over the marshes, in pursuit of our boy's decoy lamp?"

"In pity, my dear fellow!"

"Or shall the lad flash his dark lantern in your eyes again?"

But Roberts had said his say;—he sate in turbulent reflection amidst roars of hearty laughter at the result of the freak; and before they had subsided, he made an utter renunciation of Knight-errantry, and declared his abhorrence of all thieves and vagabonds. He kept his word, and has been a rational fellow ever since.

#### FORMER WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

**E**VERYTHING relating to the Russians and Turks, and the present seat of war between these two nations, is at this time valuable. The following account of their last sanguinary conflict previous to the late commencement of hostilities, from a work recently published, will, we think, be read with interest.

"In the year 1805 the Turks were in a state of great weakness, under their amiable but feeble monarch, Selim; their provinces in a state of insurrection abroad; their people turbulent and discontented at home; and pressed and harassed by the conflicting and peremptory demands of the great European powers. They had conceded to Russia, by the treaty of Yassi, 1792, an extraordinary right of interfering in the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, that their respective Hospodars should be continued in office seven years, and not removable but by the consent of

Russia. To this agreement, however, they did not adhere. The then reigning Hospodars were deposed before their time; and when the Russians remonstrated, the Bosphorus was closed against their ships. Taking umbrage at these causes of complaint, General Michelson was despatched with an army of sixty thousand men, who crossed the Niester, took Bender and Chotzim with little resistance, and entered Yassi, the capital of Moldavia. From hence he proceeded to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where he found a Turkish force which had been sent against him by Mustapha Bairactar, the energetic Ayan of Rutschuk. These, however, he soon defeated; when his approach was known, the inhabitants rose upon the Turks, attacked them suddenly with all kinds of weapons; and, with the aid of a small advanced guard of the Russians, drove them out of the town, leaving

fifteen hundred dead in the streets : he then entered Bucharest, and took entire possession of the three provinces of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia ; not leaving a Turkish corps or fortress on the north side of the Danube, with the exception of Giurdzio ; and he prepared immediately to pass over to the other side.

"A tumultuary army was now hastily collected at Adrianople, of troops from the provinces of Asia, and moved forward with the Janissaries to the Danube ; they mutinied, in their march, massacred some of the officers who wished to introduce European discipline among them, and when they at length arrived at the scene of action, were so disorganized, that they effected nothing against the Russians, who remained in almost undisturbed possession of the province, till the year 1810, when the armies on both sides were augmented to two hundred thousand men, and a fierce and sanguinary contest ensued, which, perhaps, never was surpassed.

"The Russians passed the Danube in three places. Their direct progress would have been from Giurdzio to Rutschuk ; but at this latter place the passage was impracticable, either at the town or near it, as the banks were steep and high, and defended with Turkish batteries. They therefore crossed over above it at Östrova, near Widdin, and below it at Hirsovay and Toutourkay, and laid siege to Rutschuk. The town was vigorously defended ; and the Russians were repulsed, in a desperate attack, in which they lost six thousand men. Kaminsky made also a similar assault on the entrenched camp at Shumla ; but here, too, he was driven back with great carnage. The Turks, though unacquainted with regular discipline in the field, make a fierce and sanguinary resistance when attacked behind their ramparts. On these occasions they issued their memorable bulletin—'that they had taken such a number of infidels' heads, that they would serve as a bridge by which the faithful might pass over to

the other world.' It is to the vigorous defence of these two places, and the losses sustained before them, that the final failure of the campaign is generally attributed.

"In the month of September, Kaminsky left Langeron before Rutschuk, and with his disposable force suddenly attacked the Turks at Bayne. They defended themselves with desperate valor ; but were at length defeated, with the loss of twelve thousand men in killed and wounded ; and Rutschuk was compelled to surrender, with all the Turkish flotilla lying before it, and Giurdzio on the other side. In order to create a diversion, the Turks now sent a fleet into the Black Sea, and threatened an attack on the Crimea ; notwithstanding this, the Russians concentrated their forces in Bulgaria, and the Grand Vizier was obliged to retreat before them, recross the Balkan, and take up a position at Adrianople ; leaving, however, the strong and impregnable fortresses of Varna on the sea coast, and Shumla on the ascent of the mountains, well secured at the other side.

"The feeble Selim, and his successor Mustapha, had both been strangled, and Mohammed had been called to the throne, who, even then, displayed the vigor which since has distinguished him. He set up the standard of the prophet at Daud Pasha, a large plain two miles from Constantinople, and issued a Hattisheeriff, that all Mussulmen should rally round it. In this way he assembled, in a short time, a large army ; appointed a new Grand Vizier, whom he sent on with the troops ; and returned to the city. The new Vizier, Ahmed Aga, was a man of the same energy as the Sultan, and had distinguished himself by his defence of Ibrail. He immediately descended from the mountains, forced the detached corps of Russians in Bulgaria to recross the Danube, and made a fierce attack upon Rutschuk, defended by the Russian general Kutosov. The Russians, hard pressed, transported the inhabitants to the

other side of the river, set fire to the town in four quarters, and then retreated themselves. The Turks rushed into the burning town, put a stop to the conflagration, and took up their position there. The Grand Vizier, having thus driven the Russians to the opposite shore, was now determined to follow them; and he made the attempt in three places, Widdin, Rutschuk, and Silistria. He succeeded at Widdin, and established thirty thousand men in Wallachia. He also succeeded at Rutschuk, took possession of a large island in the river called Slobodse, and, in perfect confidence, passed the greater part of his army to the other side, and established them in an entrenched camp. Kutosov was not idle; he immediately availed himself of the Vizier's crossing over, and detached eight thousand men, under General Markoff, to attack the camp he had left behind.

"A Turkish camp is formed without any regularity. The Grand Vizier's tent is always conspicuous in the centre, and becomes the nucleus round which all the rest are pitched, as every man chooses to place them. It is, however, their strong hold, to which they always retire, as a wild animal to its lair; and they defend it with the same fierceness and obstinacy. On this occasion, they were completely surprised; the whole of the camp, including the general's tent, fell into the hands of the Russians, and the fugitive Turks crowded into Rutschuk. Here they were cannonaded by the artillery of their own abandoned camp, and General Langeron, from the other side, directed one hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon them. The Vizier, having heard of this misfortune, threw himself into a little boat, and, availing himself of a storm of wind and rain, he pushed across, and landed in safety; but the Russians now brought up their flotilla, and intercepted all communication between the divided portions of the Turkish army. They next attacked and carried the island, and turned the guns on the entrenched

camp of the Turks, who were thus cut off from all communication or supply. In this state they endured the severest privations; and after feeding on the flesh of their horses, and giving up all hope of relief, they were compelled to surrender, having lost 10,000 men in the different assaults made on them. This was the last effort of the combatants. The Turks, who had entered Wallachia, at Widdin, retired to the other side, and the Grand Vizier, having received great reinforcements, concentrated them at Rutschuk; but while the combatants were preparing to renew the sanguinary conflicts, the exhausted state of the one, and the critical state of the other, invaded by the French, induced them to come to an accommodation; and the peace of Bucharest, concluded in 1812, gave another accession of territory to the Russians, extending their frontier from the Niester to the Pruth, and assigning to them all the country that lay between the two rivers, Bessarabia, and a considerable part of Moldavia.

"The Russians withdrew from the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, which they had occupied for seven years, and have never since entered them: they are now, however, in appearance, about to renew their desperate conflicts, and dye the Danube again with blood; and the general opinion is, that they will meet with no effectual opposition to their further progress; but certainly the events of the last campaign should induce us to adopt a different opinion. They availed themselves of a moment of their enemies' weakness, and advanced, with little opposition, to that river; here they stopped; and after a very sanguinary and persevering conflict of six years, we find them, at the end of that period, still on its shores. Whenever they attempted to proceed beyond it, they were driven back with carnage, and a single town scarcely fortified, as contemptible in the eyes, as it would be weak in the hands, of European troops, effectually arrested their career."



## THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.\*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

---

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"—*Coleridge's Wallenstein.*

---

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,  
 As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;  
 And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed:  
 But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,  
 The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow:  
 The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbals' tone;  
 But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!  
 But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?  
 —I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,  
 And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone, the true and brave,  
 And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave:  
 There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;  
 There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,  
 We stood together, side by side; one hope was ours—one path:  
 Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast;  
 Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine;  
 I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is *thine*?  
 The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—  
 Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,  
 And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away!  
 For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,  
 And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;  
 With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown:  
 How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,  
 When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as death!  
 Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath;  
 Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the royal banner wave—  
 But where art thou, my brother?—where?—in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,  
 And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light;  
 But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—  
 "My brother! oh! my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!"

---

\* The grief of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

## NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS.\*

WE have read these volumes with much satisfaction, and earnestly recommend them to all who have been gathering their "Notions of the Americans," without opportunities of correcting them by more competent authorities, from the tours and travels that have for the last ten or dozen years been floating in our literary atmosphere. Generally, the authors of these publications have themselves been uneducated and unlicked persons, and mixing, as they must have done, with men of their own class and habits—their introduction could of course be to no others—and filled with strange fancies of American equality, they have given of the Americans an impression of pervading, and intolerable and irreclaimable coarseness and vulgarity. The distinctions of political and social relations were beyond their detection. The same political rights seem to them to establish the same social intercourse,—as if in such a combination of circumstances, the educated and uneducated, the refined and unrefined, the rich and the poor, must, necessarily, mingle pell-mell in blissful confusion. The very able and effective volumes before us will leave a far different impression upon the reader, accompanied by a conviction of the writer's superior information, and superior title to confidence, and confirmed, too, in the long run, by the eternal principles of human feelings, and human motives.

It is by no means surprising that the Literary Gazette, which considers it complimentary to term a man "a jacobite," and "a high churchman," as in the case of Mr. D'Israeli, should lose no opportunity of calumniating and libelling a writer of liberal principles. We therefore trust that the author of the present work will regard the attack of this

publication as a compliment, and as a sure sign that he has effected his purpose. But we acknowledge that, in many respects, he lies open to attack. His very title is objectionable, as containing a *slang* term, which (in the sense in which he uses it) good taste has long ago banished both from polished composition and discourse. With a want of sound discretion, which was little to be expected from him—though done, no doubt, to obviate a natural prejudice—he assumes the character of an European; but he is himself American, and no other indeed than Cooper, the well known national novelist of America,—a man, whose reputation, in his particular department, is, or ought to be, second only to Sir Walter Scott's,—able to see, combine, and describe. To make the matter worse, he has had the misfortune to imagine himself capable of humor, and thus, without the least particle of the reality, persists in tormenting us with a perpetual display of false humor, that is really painful to behold. To complete the catalogue of his imperfections, his style is coarse, affected, and obscure; and his remarks frequently exhibit considerable conceit and arrogance. In spite of all this, Mr. Cooper's book is the best book that has yet been written on America. We ourselves profess liberal principles, and have, consequently, a leaning towards all liberal writers; but we trust we have never shown ourselves blind to their defects, or been disposed to exaggerate their merits; our readers will, therefore, credit us, when we assert that, in spite of the abuse of the Literary Gazette, and of all the blemishes enumerated above, the work now before us is, as we have said, the most valuable of all the works hitherto written on the country to which it relates. It cer-

\* Notions of the Americans: picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. 2 vols. London, 1828.

tainly is not in itself a perfect picture of American character, society, manners or scenery; but it furnishes the reader with materials which will

enable him to come to a tolerably correct conclusion upon each of those subjects, and in the meanwhile will amuse him exceedingly.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.\*

**T**HERE is a fund of wit and merriment in Mr. Cruikshank that he may draw upon as lavishly as he pleases without any fear of exhaustion. This is one of the best of his numerous publications. The first two pages consist of graphic illustrations of the occasional advantages of wooden legs over those of mere flesh and blood. They are rough sketches, but distinguished by great freedom and spirit, and that air of genuine humour which he generally exhibits. The first sketch is of a poacher, whose wooden leg is caught in a steel-trap. The title of it is, "*The Advantage of a wooden leg at a Pinch.*" Then we have a group of dancing girls on stilts, that is to say, "*Living on Wooden Legs.*" We have next a glimpse at a man, who is rushing into a house to avoid a mad dog, but he has his "*Best leg foremost,*" and the animal seizes hold of the wooden one. In another corner of the page is a man who has fallen on the road side. A cart-wheel has passed right over his leg, and crushed it to atoms, but it is a "*Trifling Accident,*" for the leg was wooden, and could easily be replaced by another every whit as good; and a drunken and roaring negro, impatient "to hab tea," thrusts his ligneous supporter into the fire, to make "the kettle bile." On the succeeding page we have some jokes against the ladies' bonnets, which have become, from their prodigious size, an abominable nuisance in all theatres and public exhibitions, where they exclude us from every thing worthy to be seen, not excepting their own delightful faces. In the sketch on the left cor-

ner, there is a lady, who is unable to pass through Storey's Gate on account of her huge bonnet, and some one is exclaiming, that "*Lady Darlington's Bonnet stops the way.*" Half a dozen milliners, with the assistance of ladders, pulleys, &c. are constructing one of the size of a haystack. To Mr. Cruikshank the ladies are indebted for the suggestion of a vehicle of a peculiar construction, which, from an extraordinary breadth of roof, will allow of a bonnet being comfortably worn within by one person at least. The fashionable females of the present day make their waists so extremely thin, and the head-dresses and low garments so preposterously large, that not only is the human form disfigured by such an approximation to the spider, but we are surprised there are not more accidents similar to the one so cleverly sketched in a corner of this page. A lady is walking on the banks of a river—a terrible storm arises, and her large bonnet and loose sleeves, having caught the wind, the body is separated at the waist, and the upper half which is always the *lightest*, is carried over the water. The next page is not quite so good as the preceding, though there are many vigorous touches of the pencil in it, and a flash or two of satiric wit. On the top of another page stands a sapient looking pig with his tail curled, and over him the motto, "*I could a tale unfold.*" Then follow some legal witticisms. All kinds of practices "at the bar" are most whimsically illustrated, from the crow-bar in burglary to the bar at the Old Bailey; including the head of "a gentleman

\* Scraps and Sketches. Designed, etched, and published, by George Cruikshank, to be continued occasionally.

intended for the bar;"—a face and expression never to be forgotten. There are some capital things in illustration of the "March of Intellect." "The Pursuit of Letters" is perhaps one of the cleverest. Children with heads prematurely large are running in go-carts after the letters A, B, C, which are ludicrously sketched with legs. On the first go-cart is the label of "*Reading made easy*." In the distance, we observe two figures on horseback, with a pack of open-mouthed dogs in full chase of a file of the following letters, which have legs like "The Living Skeleton's,"—**LITERATURE.** "*The Grand March of Intellect*," with the soldiers wearing spectacles, and inkstands with quills in them, for their regimental caps, is also very humorous. The cant and mystifying phraseology of science, which are now heard at every corner of the street from the mouths of children, are illustrated by a little girl on a stool with an egg in her hand. She is standing before her old grandmama, who is gaping with

admiration. "You see, gran'ma," says the little child, "before you suck this egg or, more properly speaking, before you extract the matter contained within this shell by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base." "Aye, dear!" exclaims her gran'ma, "how very clever!! They only used to make a hole at each end in my time!! Well, I declare they are making improvements in every thing!" A table, covered with philosophical apparatus, and a toy-basket filled with such trifling works as Newton, Euclid, Shakspeare, Milton, Gibbon, &c. complete the idea. But we cannot afford space for any further notice, and must remind our readers, that, from the bare outlines, the few feeble strokes which we are able to give with the pen, in endeavouring to transfer Mr. Cruikshank's witticisms to our pages, they will be unable to form a proper estimate of the work before us.

## VARIETIES.

### DISEASE OF SILK WORMS, AND ITS CURE.

**I**N the southern provinces of France, where silk worms are bred, it is very common to find them attacked by a disease called the jaundice, in consequence of the color acquired by them: and very careful examination is continually made for the discovery of such worms as may be attacked by it, that they may be removed, lest the disease, being contagious, should spread to the others. The Abbé Eyséric, of Carpentras, had recourse to a remedy in these cases, which, though apparently dangerous, has been warranted by the success of twenty years. He used to powder his worms over with quick lime, by means of a silk sieve; he then gave them mulberry leaves moistened with a few drops of wine, and the insects instantly set about

devouring the leaves with an eagerness which they did not usually show; not one of the hurdles upon which he raised his worms appeared infected with the jaundice. It was at first supposed that the cocoons of silk were injured by this process; this however is not the case, and his method of practice is now adopted generally in the department of Vaucluse.

### INDIAN TELEGRAPHS.

The system of telegraphs has arrived at such perfection in the presidency of Bombay, that a communication may be made through a line of 500 miles in eight minutes.

### NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.

A grocer at Sheffield has a steam-engine, of half-horse power, for the purpose of roasting and grinding coffee.

